

Dateline



APRIL 1969

OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB

Covering The News In The Sixties



283
REASONS
WHY
48,000,000
THOUGHTFUL
AMERICANS
COME
TO
LIFE
EACH
WEEK,
EVERY
WEEK!

LIFE

FOUNDER Henry R. Luce 1898-1967

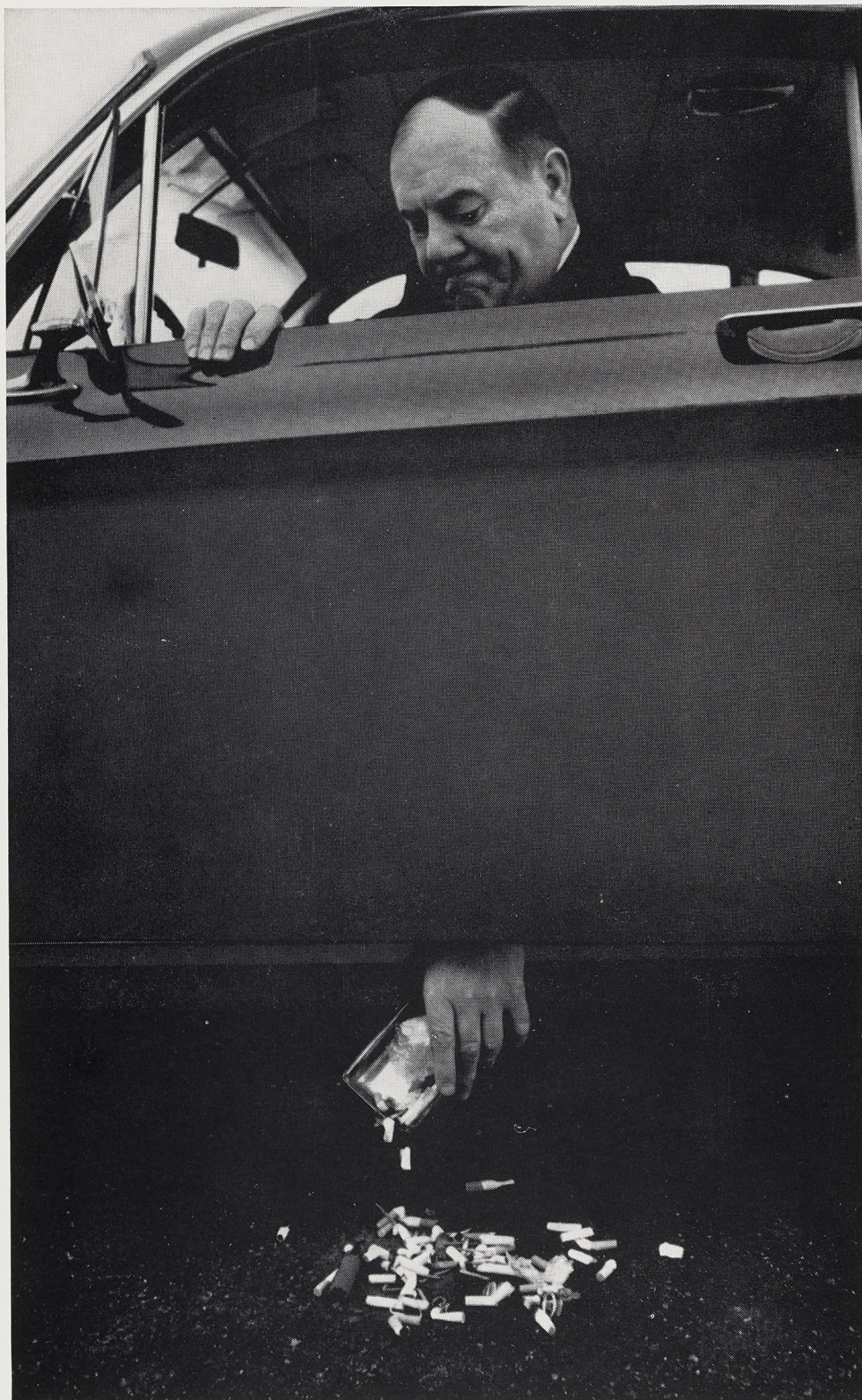
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That way, you not only keep a tidy car. You get a tidy country to drive it in.

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A nice place to live.



THE ONE THING CLEARLY PREDICTABLE FOR 1969

Even in 1968, that most unpredictable of years, it was a virtual certainty that NBC News would win a flock of important awards.

That's just what happened.

Programs and personnel of NBC News television and radio garnered many dozens of formal honors from universities, press associations,

publications, foundations and the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences (Emmy).

Such recognition is tremendously gratifying.

We're confident it will help inspire the men and women of NBC News to continue their task with energy and dedication—right through 1969. But that's the only prediction we'll venture.

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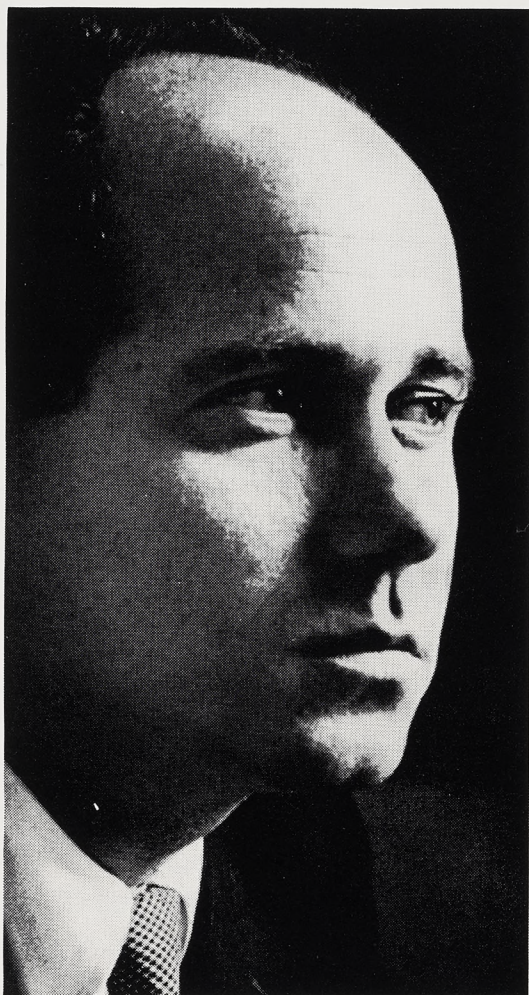
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Sometimes a correspondent can be a diplomat.



IN its issue of February 10, Newsweek carried an exclusive interview with President Gamal Abdel Nasser of the United Arab Republic. In conversation with Senior Editor Arnaud de Borchgrave—the first interview granted a Western journalist in more than a year—President Nasser gave his views on the Arab-Israeli conflict and his thoughts about how it might be settled.

President Nasser's appraisal of the volatile Middle East situation was, ex officio, a statement of his government's foreign policy. Because of this, de Borchgrave persuaded Levi Eshkol of Israel to respond, immediately, and in the same forum: Newsweek.

In another exclusive interview in the issue of February 17, the late Premier declared that "I am ready to meet him anywhere, anytime"... Eshkol went on to reply to the Arab leader's statements.

Occasionally, a correspondent can serve history as a diplomat. And a magazine becomes a diplomatic channel.

Newsweek

1968 winner of the
National Magazine Award



For new pictures on steel, for steel facts, for anything you want to know about steel, call U. S. Steel. We've been giving answers for sixty-eight years. Need we press our point? Just write or call Clint Milstead, Art Wathey, George Hess or Jim Hagen at our Northeast District Public Relations Office, 71 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006. Tel. (212) 558-4444.





Some of his colleagues think Seymour Topping a “fantastic” newsman. Others say he’s just “Grade A.” Topping himself is too busy as foreign news editor of The New York Times to argue the point. So the University of Missouri settled it by giving him its Honor Award for Distinguished Service in Journalism.

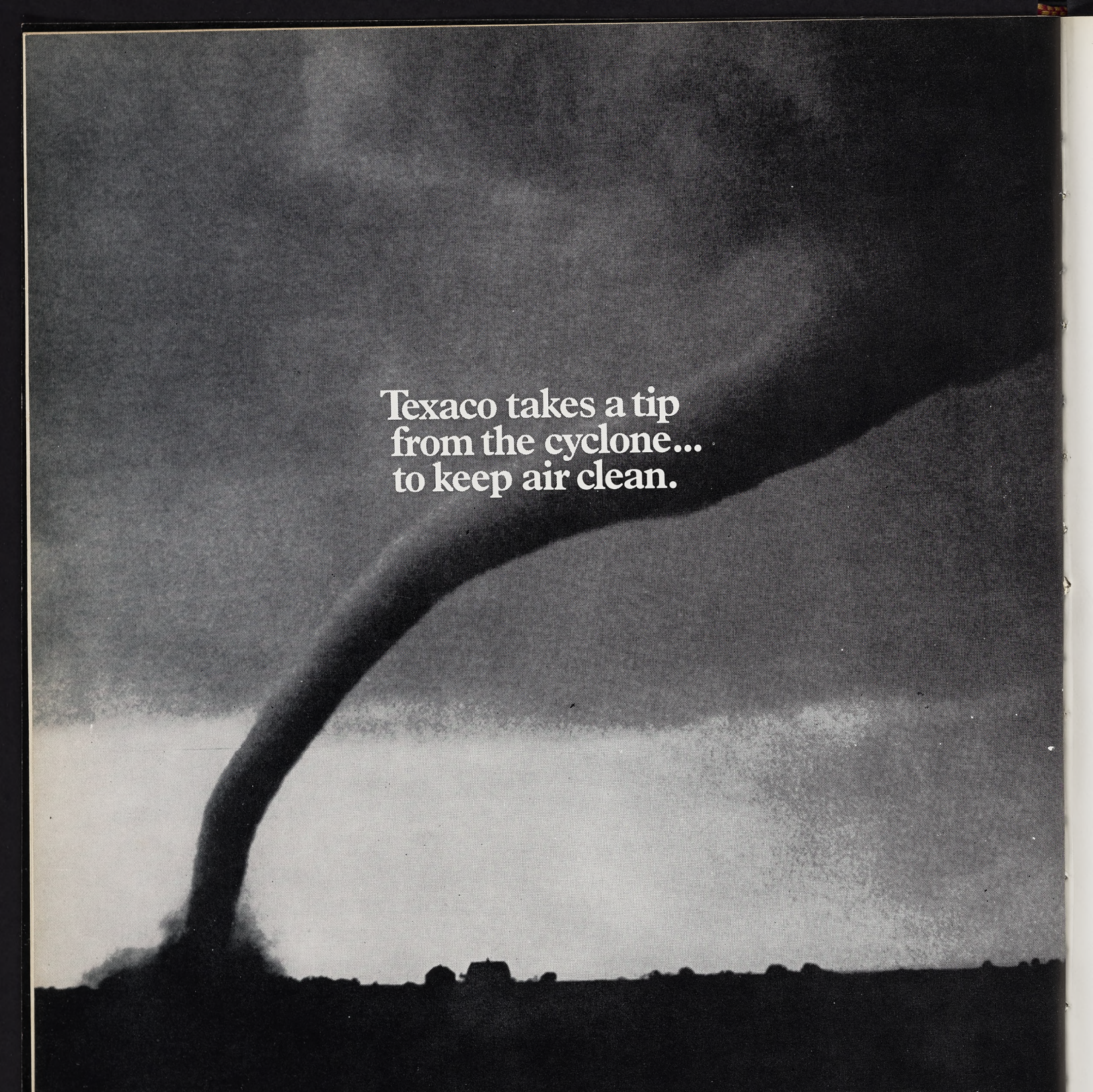
Topping brings to his job two decades of solid experience as a correspondent in the field. He started in Peking in 1946 with International News Service, covering the civil wars in Manchuria

and North China. He joined The Associated Press in 1948, covered the fall of Nanking to the Communists, headed the war staff in Indochina, served as diplomatic correspondent in London, as bureau chief in Berlin. He has been with The New York Times since 1959, as Moscow correspondent, Hongkong correspondent, chief correspondent for Southeast Asia.

“Fantastic” and/or just “Grade A,” Topping’s experience, knowledge and judgment contribute to making The New York Times daily world news report what it is universally recognized to be—second to none.

The New York Times

“All the News That’s Fit to Print”



Texaco takes a tip
from the cyclone...
to keep air clean.

Maybe you thought cyclones always raised dust. Not Texaco cyclones. They lay dust—and keep air clean.

Some 30 Texaco refineries worldwide use catalytic crackers to increase the yield of high-octane gasoline. The catalysts used are too valuable to waste. When they become covered with carbon, they are regenerated by burning off the soot. This process could whip up a cloud of dust. It doesn't.

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Whenever some new idea for preserving the natural environment comes along, we give it a whirl.



Texaco offers challenging careers to qualified college graduates. Write to Recruiting Coordinator, Texaco Inc., Box 52332, Houston, Texas 77052.

Dateline

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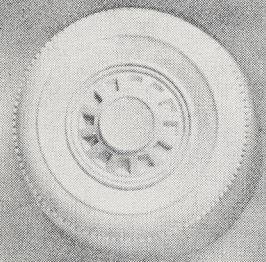
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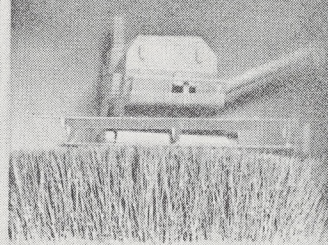
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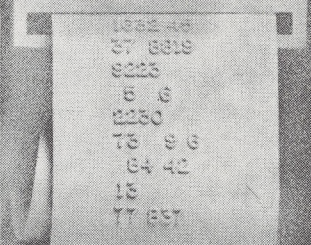
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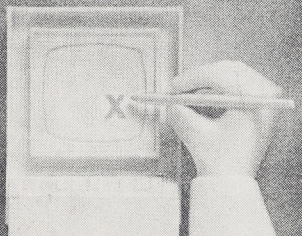
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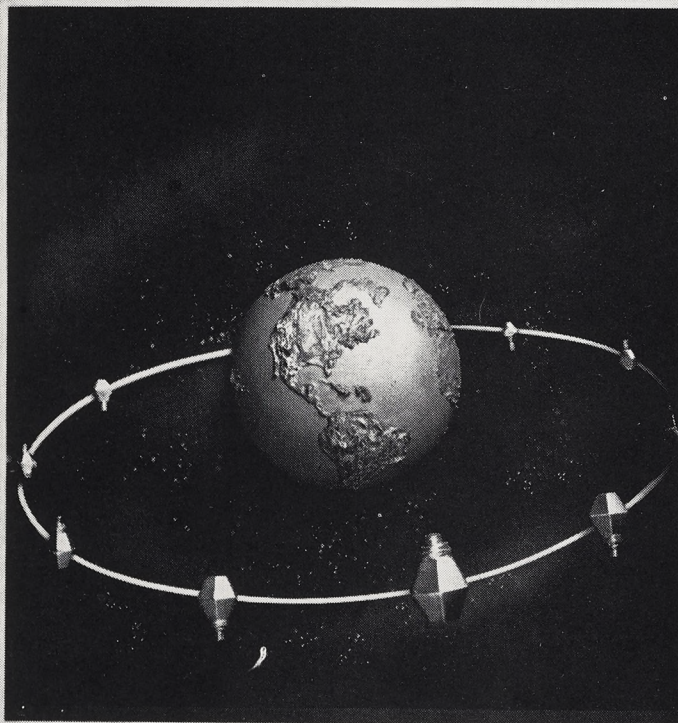
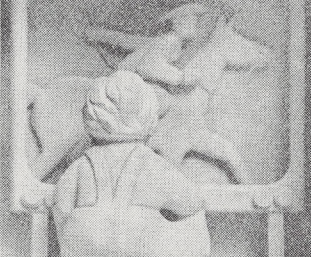
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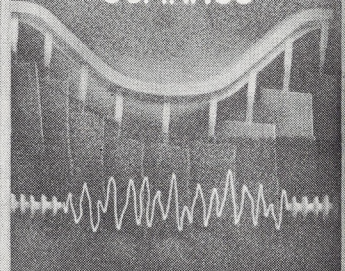


Philco-Ford has launched its 27th communications satellite.

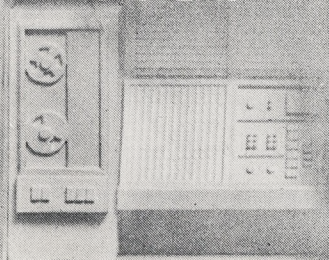
As the demand for military communications satellites grows, Philco-Ford stands as the leader. They've developed a method to orbit 8 satellites with just one rocket, and built 27 of the 37 U.S. communications satellites now in orbit.

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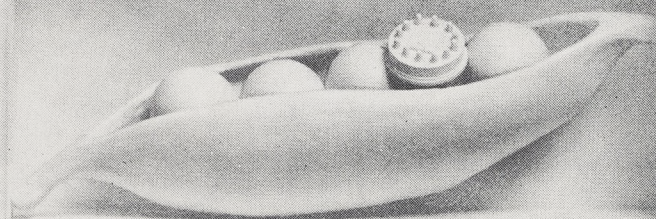
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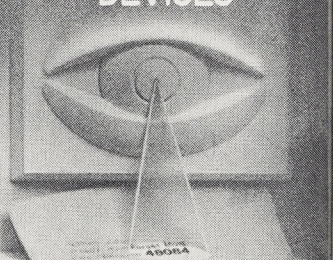
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today tonight.**

**ABC
Evening News
with
Frank Reynolds**



PRESIDENTS PAGE

We—borrowing that singular plural from our host, A. G., who regularly initials this space when it is slugged Publisher's Page—we have had to do with Arnold Gingrich twice in our lives. Each time he came with gifts, and each time we loaded up.

We completed the first of these one-way transactions, long ago and far away in Budapest, 1945. That city had lately been liberated from the Wehrmacht by the heroic Red Army but was not overjoyed, considering the deliberate Soviet program of shoot, loot and rape which accompanied the rescue. We were the first resident Western correspondent in the Hungarian capital; Gingrich dropped in from civilized outer space (Vienna, we seem to recall) for a studious sniff at the smoke. Standing on one foot, we gave him a fast and shallow briefing. In munificent exchange, he gave us a tube of real toothpaste and a fresh typewriter ribbon.

The second and last encounter to date, this one by mail only, was last December. We dispatched to A. G. a hutch of good reasons why *Esquire* should do Dateline for the Overseas Press Club in 1969. Without ahem or ahaw he dispatched right back (through Editor Harold Hayes) several shop delegates (see masthead) who have since shaped up the lively product you are about to inspect.

Something new has been added. For years on end, *Dateline* was *Dateline*. The distinguished editorial groups which marched up one after another to sponsor it—among them *Look*, *Business Week*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *McGraw-Hill*, *McCall's*, *Printers' Ink* and *Parade*—each presented the Club with a proud book. Frequently a piece in one of those *Datelines* shook the nation, occasionally the world. All the *Annals* shone with quality and uniform excellence.

But, being under 60 and therefore part of the Youth rebellion, we

have our own thing about uniforms. The one chink in *Dateline* we dared to tell ourselves last December, was that no matter how various the personalities, formats and hangups of the publications tooling it, *Dateline* always rolled out of the editorial factory onto the Annual Awards Dinner table looking and sounding like itself rather than like the visiting team. Besides, though every cranny of foreign correspondence and communications got itself exhaustively explored, from battlefield shellhole to orbiting satellite, the analysis always somehow came out sober, solemn and maybe a wee bit too self-serious—begging everyone's pardon.

So this time, as we continued to muse in that untaped December inner colloquy, this time let's try for a *Dateline* which will be OPC through and through, with all the traditional virtues and yet a little more—with the cut of the jib of the magazine launching it: spirit, sap, sass, layout, makeup, typeface and all the other ingredients which make la différence. Let *Dateline* be *Dateline* again this year, but à la mode and



It's been a great year in New York.

Last Fall, Atlantic Richfield moved to New York to be "where the action is." Action we got. And from where we sit, 1969 looks like more of the same. So, drop in to see us at 717 Fifth Avenue any time

we can answer a question or be of assistance. And when you're in Dallas, Los Angeles or Philadelphia, stop in at our regional Public Relations offices too.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany making things happen with petroleum energy

mood of *Esquire*, spake the voice timorous. And lo, here it is now.

Of course, as always, the offspring is not exactly the image of the conception. The gestatory interval has muffled the note of ribaldry and slightly gentled the icon-breaking resolve to tell-it-as-it-is absolutely. For instance, the Table of Contents no longer shows articles from contributing correspondents, because the articles never got written, tentatively entitled "Bordellos I Have Known," "Girl Watchers on the Rhine," and "Peiping Tom." Overseas reporting, the media, the whole scene, have not quite been separated from their imperial clothes, as was originally intended.

But some veils at least have been dropped. A jocund eye is cast on the Sixties behind and the Seventies ahead, on old journalese and new, on assorted oddities and complexes of our times and trades. Above all, to the extent that the editors have been able to inspire, cajole, threaten or daintily rewrite their OPC brood of writers, the final result is infused with *Esquire's* own peculiar brand and style. The clear satiric mark is

pervasively there, from prose to photo to font.

We think this is good. We hope, in fact, that when we have joined the Mandarin's Row of Past Presidents around the droning Board of Governors' table, and all our small works have been forgotten and possibly erased, this notion at least of a *Dateline* each year henceforth forever in the changing image of its changing creators will survive and flourish.

One sacred department has not been tinkered with this time, and a good thing too, the saints be praised. We mean the department of advertising. Just as our gratitude to *Esquire* knows no bounds, so does our joy at seeing so many loyal old advertisers back in the book, along with a tidy group of newcomers, adding up to a robust total. We thank them individually and together, as we do our own brave OPC platoon of advertising tacticians who beat the corporate woods and shook the budget trees.

The revenue flushed out of the thicket is special balm in this season because 1969, unhappily, is more

than the Club's 30th Anniversary Year harking back to three correspondents in Rocky's Bar three decades ago and forward to 3000 writers dispersed along every latitude today. The current period will also go down in provincial history as the year of the Great Train Robbery, or the Strange Case of the Vanishing Ledgers, or some other such wry and wistful attempt to grin through cracked lips. OPC has had quaint disappearances before: its first Secretary-Treasurer departed early to a saloon with the entire kitty, containing some \$40 for postage and postcards. There have been periodic mysterious exeunts, without flourishes and only soft alarums, of bottles, paintings, tape recorders, paper clips, typewriters and other esoteric communal properties. (See page 51). But the present deficit is a block-buster which rumbles the walls and their foundation, verily.

Who knows? This book in which we write may be an archaeological exhibit by this time next year, the last valorous gasp of a happy, care-free giant felled by dwarfs and the economics (*Continued on page 107*)

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Fly with us to the welcome that awaits you in Denmark, Norway, Sweden. SAS offers more direct flights to Scandinavia than anyone. And within Europe, SAS serves more cities than any other transatlantic or transpolar airline. For reservations see your travel agent, or call SAS.



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SAS

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trip, come see our working girls work. It's no floor show. But it's funny how you get to feel like a leading man. Delta Air Lines, Inc., General Offices, Atlanta Airport, Atlanta, Ga. 30320 **DELTA**

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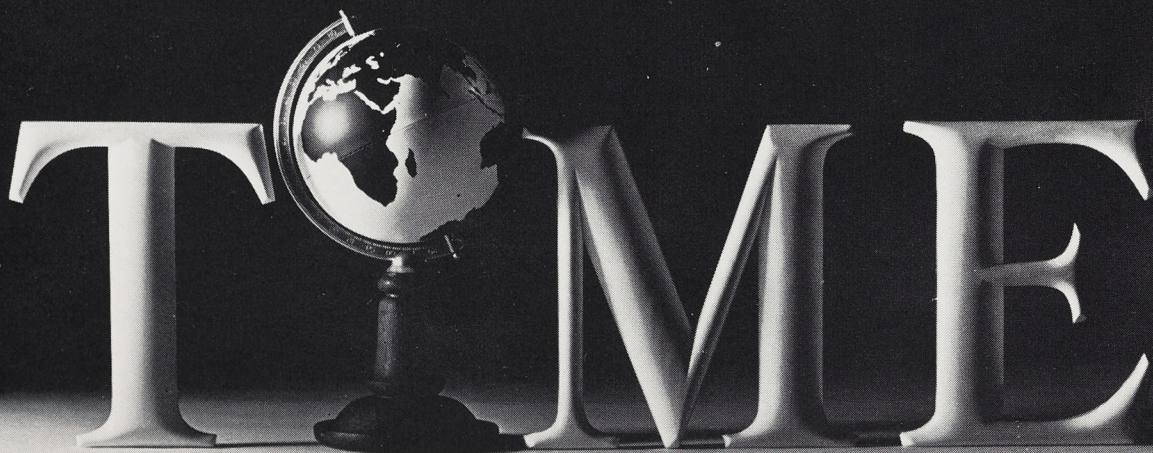
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THE OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB AWARDS FOR 1969

*Many were called but few were chosen, folks, and
here they are; The Chosen! If you are a winner
turn the pages and take a look at your picture. If you lost,
what the hell, try again next year....*

- Class 1:* Best Daily Newspaper Or Wire Service
Reporting From Abroad.
 - Class 2:* Best Daily Newspaper Or Wire Service
Interpretation Of Foreign Affairs.
 - Class 3:* Best Daily Newspaper Or Wire Service
Photographic Reporting From Abroad.
 - Class 4:* Best Photographic Reporting or Interpretation
from Abroad In A Magazine Or A Book.
 - Class 5:* Best Radio Reporting From Abroad.
 - Class 6:* Best Radio Interpretation Of Foreign Affairs.
 - Class 7:* Best TV Reporting From Abroad.
 - Class 8:* Best TV Interpretation of Foreign Affairs.
 - Class 9:* Best Magazine Reporting From Abroad.
 - Class 10:* Best Magazine Interpretation Of Foreign
Affairs.
 - Class 11:* Best Book On Foreign Affairs.
 - Class 12:* Best Cartoon On Foreign Affairs.
 - Class 13:* Vision Magazine-Ed Stout Award For Best
Article Or Report On Latin America
 - Class 14:* E. W. Fairchild Award for Best Business News
Réporting From Abroad.
 - Class 15:* The Asia Magazine Award For The Best
Article or Report On Asia.
 - Class 16:* Robert Capa Award For Superlative Still
Photography Requiring Exceptional Courage
And Enterprise Abroad.
 - Class 17:* OPC George Polk Memorial Award For Best
Reporting, Any Medium, Requiring Ex-
ceptional Courage And Enterprise Abroad.
- The President's Award: For distinguished service
to the cause of press freedom in the world.

CLASS 1

Best Daily Newspaper Or Wire Service Reporting From Abroad.

Peter Rehak of the Associated Press was the right man in the right place, when Soviet troops crossed the border of Czechoslovakia last August 20 while a collaborator cut off the microphones of the announcers on Radio Prague. While the black-out lasted, the population remained unaware of what was happening.

Rehak, who was born in Bratislava in 1936 and speaks Czech, Slovak, French and German, was in the Alcron Hotel in Prague when the radio receiving sets went dead. He sensed immediately that some ominous development was occurring in the politically disturbed situation of the country.

Peter Rehak



From his familiarity with the communications systems in Prague, he recognized the possibility that the Communists who had silenced Radio Prague might have forgotten to throw the switch also on an auxiliary public-address system through which announcements of general interest are "piped" into the city's restaurants and other meeting places. His hunch was correct.

Remembering that one such outlet was available in the hotel's garage, he slipped into that area and listened to the broadcast in Czech, revealing that Soviet forces were already inside the country, and that the population was asked to offer no resistance. How he managed to get out the news flash that apprised the rest of the world of the development has not been revealed, but his exclusive was one hour ahead of all other media in reaching the outside.

In Washington concurrently, Secretary of State Dean Rusk was testifying before the Democratic platform committee, when he was handed a copy of the AP bulletin. The Secretary passed it to the committee chairman, Representative Hale Boggs of Louisiana—who read it into the open microphone.

His world beat led to his ouster from Czechoslovakia, the Government there having refused to renew his visa when it expired in September. He was reassigned to the AP bureau in Bonn, but has since been transferred to Vienna, to strengthen the coverage of eastern European affairs.

Rehak's reports from Prague about the Czech struggle against Soviet domination, and about the invasion, won for him the 1968 award of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association for outstanding work by a staff member of the wire service, in addition to the OPC distinction.

While still a boy, Rehak was taken to Canada by his family and grew up there. He is an alumnus of McGill University, and joined the Associated Press in Frankfurt in 1962 after having worked for the Windsor (Ont.) Star, the Vancouver (B.C.) Sun and the Canadian Press.

He is the fifth correspondent in the history of the OPC awards to be named winner in two categories in one year—the other being the esteemed OPC George Polk Memorial Award.

Judges: William J. Fulton, Sam Pope Brewer,
Geoffrey Dean, Edwin Tetlow.

CITATION: Thomas T. Fenton, *The Baltimore Sun*
For his series on Paris; the peace talks and
the spring crisis.

CLASS 2

Best Daily Newspaper Or Wire Service Interpretation Of Foreign Affairs.

The name is familiar. Robert S. Elegant captured the identical award in 1966, and in 1962 was given an OPC citation for best magazine reporting from abroad.

Since 1965, he has been the Los Angeles Times' bureau chief in Hong Kong and Chinese affairs expert, but earlier, he was no stranger to the region. His Asian background dates from 1951-1952, as Far Eastern correspondent for the Overseas News Agency; proceeds through 1953 as Korean war correspondent for International News Service; a Ford Foundation fellowship in 1954-1955, when, based in Singapore, he wrote for the North American Newspaper Alliance and broadcast for CBS News; and from 1956 to 1965 he was Newsweek's man in South Asia.

Elegant came out of the University of Pennsylvania in 1946 with a Phi Beta Kappa key. Went in 1948 to Yale University's Institute of Far East Languages and Literature. At Columbia University in 1950 he picked up an M.A. degree in Chinese and Japanese—reads, writes and speaks both languages—and in 1951, an M.S. degree in journalism and a Pulitzer traveling scholarship.

On Army service from 1946 to 1948, he was an Army Language School teacher of Japanese.

He is the author of *China's Red Masters*; *The Dragon's Seed*; *The Center of the World*; *A Kind of Treason*; *A Question of Loyalty*, and *The Seeking*.

Judges: John Luter, Alton Kastner, John Hohenberg.

CITATION: Richard Halloran, *The Washington Post*
For his series on the Pueblo Crisis of
January and February 1968.

CITATION: Smith Hempstone, *The Washington Star*
For "Europe in Ferment."

Robert S. Elegant



Edward T. Adams



CLASS 3

Best Daily Newspaper Or Wire Service Photographic Reporting From Abroad.

Edward T. (Eddie) Adams of the Associated Press swept the board for honors in still photography in 1968 with "Street Corner Execution—Saigon" that won his OPC award. Out of more than 3,000 entries in the World Press Photo contest at The Hague, he took the grand prize, including a trip to The Netherlands from which he has recently returned. He won \$1,250 from U.S. Camera; was named "Photographer of the Year" (as he was in 1967) by the New York Press Photographers Association, and received the 1968 Associated Press Managing Editors Award for outstanding work by a staff photographer of the news service.

With almost two years of service to his credit photographing the war in Vietnam, Adams has accompanied into battle almost every American unit operating there, including the U.S. Marines, 1st Infantry Division, 173rd Airborne Brigade, the U.S. 1st Air Cavalry Division. His most recent Vietnam assignment was from January to July, 1968.

In April, 1966, he covered Buddhist riots in Hue, Da Nang and Saigon, and was on hand for last year's Viet Cong Tet offensive, in early January, 1968.

He began as a cameraman in his home town of New Kensington, Pennsylvania. Before joining the AP he worked for the Enquirer & News of Battle Creek, Mich., and the Philadelphia Bulletin. From 1951 to 1954 he was a combat photographer with the U.S. Marines.

Judges: Cornell Capa, Barrett Gallagher, John G. Morris, Ralph Morse, Paul Fusco.

CITATION: Arthur Greenspon, *Associated Press*
For his powerful wire photo
"Help From Above."

CITATION: Kyoichi Sawada, *United Press International*
For his outstanding black and white and
color coverage of the "21-Day Battle To
Capture Hue."

David Robison



CLASS 4

Best Photographic Reporting or Interpretation from Abroad In A Magazine Or A Book.

An American, an Italian and an African-born Indian produced the poignant Life Magazine feature, "Starving Children and the War of Extinction in Biafra."

David Robison is a native New Yorker who earned a B.A. degree from Bard College and a Master of

International Affairs from Columbia on a fellowship grant. He was one of the earliest correspondents in Biafra and is credited with arousing world opinion with his reports and pictures of the tragic situation there, through photographs published in England, France, Holland, Germany and Italy as well as the United States.

Priya Ramrahka, who was born in Nairobi in 1935, the son of an Indian Consular official, was one of nine correspondents ambushed by Biafrans while on a Time magazine assignment with Nigerian troops. Shot in the arm and in the back, he died an hour later in the University Hospital in Lagos.

Priya became a stringer photographer for Time and Life after being graduated from the Duke of Gloucester Prep School in 1953. From 1959 to 1962 he attended the Art Center School in Los Angeles. His dream had been to settle in the United States permanently.

Only a few years ago, Romano Cagnoni was one of the eager horde of amateur cameramen known in Italy as "paparazzi", who will go to any length to get a salable picture. He is one of the few who have graduated into the professional ranks.

Judges: Cornell Capa, Barrett Gallagher, Ezra Stoller, Gertrude Samuels.

CITATION: Robert Ellison (Posthumous), *Empire* from *Black Star*
For his eight page color report of "The Agony of Khe Sanh," in Newsweek.

CITATION: Paul Fusco, *Look Magazine*
For his report, "Mexico."

CLASS 5

Best Radio Reporting From Abroad.

As Paris correspondent for Group W (Westinghouse Broadcasting Company), Bernard Redmont relies upon a background of two decades as newsman in Europe, Latin America, the South Pacific and the United States.

His coverage from the French capital is free-wheeling in the sense that it extends to other European countries as well, occasionally including reports from Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and the Soviet Union.

While based in Paris for the past 15 years, reporting on news developments in France and on the continent, Redmont has become a regular at the ski meets held annually in various countries by an international group of news correspondents.

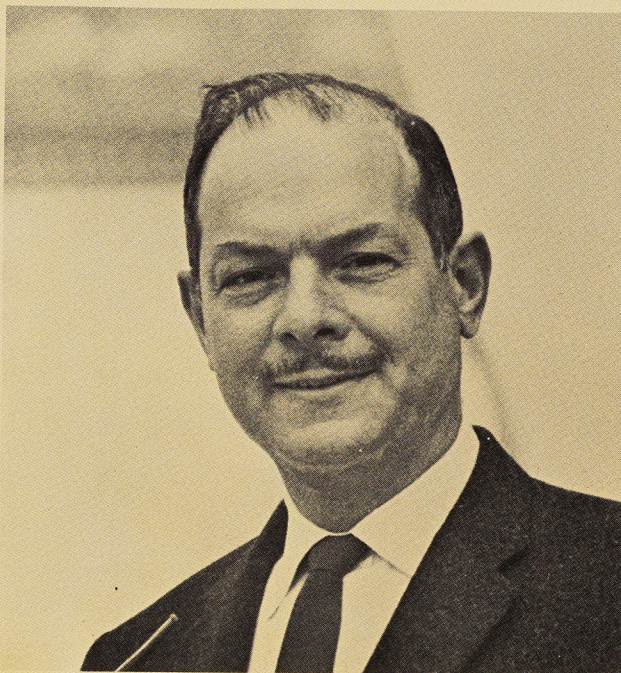
Priya Ramrahka



Romano Cagnoni



Bernard Redmont



He is a past president of the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris, and has been chief correspondent for the English-language world news service of Agence France Press.

He is an "alumnus" of the old Brooklyn Eagle; a New Yorker by birth and a Vermonter by adoption. During his post-graduate work at Columbia University School of Journalism he won a Pulitzer traveling scholarship.

Redmont has been correspondent and bureau chief in Buenos Aires for the magazine U.S. News and World Report, as he was later in Paris.

In the second world war he directed the news division of the Office of Inter-American Affairs, supervising short-wave broadcasts throughout South America. He also served as a Marine combat correspondent in the Pacific, acquiring a Purple Heart at Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands.

Judges: Russell Tornabene, Richard Rosse, Tom O'Brien.

CITATION: Saigon News Bureau, *ABC News*
For "Viet Nam Update #116."

Elie Abel



CLASS 6

Best Radio Interpretation Of Foreign Affairs.

Add one more to the accolades amassed by Elie Abel, NBC News diplomatic correspondent currently stationed in Washington. His analyses of, and reports on major developments in the formation and execution of American foreign policy are solidly based on his wide-ranging experience through two decades.

From 1965 through 1967, he was NBC News bureau chief in London, operating from there all over Europe, the Middle East and the Far East to gather material for his special reports for his network.

For distinguished achievement in radio news during 1967, he was presented with a Peabody Award commending his NBC Radio Network series, "The World and Washington". And in 1966 he received the Columbia Alumni Award "for distinguished service to journalism".

Abel has covered many landmark events of the past 20 years. They include the Nuremberg Trials during the several years he spent in Germany; the Geneva Summit Conference of 1955, the Kennedy-Nixon campaign of 1960, the Goldwater-Johnson campaign of 1964, and the funerals of John F. Kennedy, Sir Winston Churchill and Konrad Adenauer.

Born in 1920 in Montreal, Canada, he holds a degree from McGill University as well as from Columbia. He is author of "The Missile Crisis", and has had the satisfaction of seeing his book translated into French, Italian, German, Danish, Japanese and Hebrew.

Before coming to NBC News in 1961, Abel had been a national and foreign correspondent for The New York Times, and later Washington bureau chief for the Detroit News. At present he is host of a weekly series of news interpretation programs which concentrate on contemporary world events and their portent. His winning OPC entry was entitled "De Gaulle Faces His Creditors".

Judges: Russell Tornabene, Richard Rosse, Tom O'Brien.

CITATION: George Hamilton Combs, *Mutual News*
For "Outlook for the Paris Talks."

CLASS 7

Best TV Reporting From Abroad.

Animation is an outstanding characteristic of Liz Trotta of NBC News, honored for 1968 reports on the war in Vietnam, on her initial foreign assignment.

She has moved fast and far since receiving her M.S. from Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism in 1961—where she held three paying jobs while completing her studies. She taught journalism at Yeshiva University, wrote for the Inter-Catholic Press Agency, and worked on the sports desk of the Long Island Daily Press.

Cherishing visions of the Hecht-MacArthur type of journalism, she went to Chicago and a reporting job on the Chicago Tribune, but found that that era had passed and that suburban coverage of "births, deaths, marriages and zoning complaints wasn't what I wanted". Miami and an interval on the AP staff followed, and in 1963 she returned to New York as a city reporter for Newsday.

She joined NBC News in 1965, to cover the New York City scene for "Sixth Hour News" on WNBC-TV. Having a preference for political stories, she was particularly pleased that one of her earliest interviewees was the then Mayor-elect John V. Lindsay. For six weeks during the recent Presidential campaign, she was part of a team of five sent by NBC News to trail Senator Eugene McCarthy on his tour across the country. Her reports were visible and audible frequently on the "Today" program and on the "Frank McGee Saturday Report".

Liz Trotta



Her memories of off-beat assignments include the launching of a balloon for testing air pollution, on which there was one hitch: the balloon wouldn't rise. Her first question to the man who cut the ropes at the ceremony was, "That's not the direction it was supposed to take, is it?"

Judges: Donald Coe, James Harper, Howard Kany.

CITATION: Morley Safer, *CBS News*
For reporting with Nigerian Government troops in their war with Biafra.

CLASS 8

Best TV Interpretation of Foreign Affairs.

He long since qualified as one of those foreign correspondents who has been everywhere and seen everything, but Charles Collingwood of CBS News retains every whit of his zest for the fresh, big story. He was in Mexico, only six weeks into a planned sabbatical year in 1968, when word came that he had been cleared for admittance to North Vietnam—the first American network newsman to cover that country in recent years. He leaped back into action.

During the week after his arrival there in late March, he produced the two television features—"Charles Collingwood's Report from Hanoi", and "Hanoi: A Report by Charles Collingwood"—which video audiences saw during April and for which the judging panel handed him the palm in the current OPC Awards.

From Hanoi he went on to Paris for the preliminary peace talks that opened last May, resuming the post he has held since 1964, as chief European correspondent for CBS News. He is currently based in London.

The peripatetic Mr. Collingwood has been shuttling around the world since 1939, when he was graduated cum laude from Princeton and picked up a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford. He also won a scholarship for study of international affairs in Geneva, and was in that capital when the second world war erupted. Abandoning his studies, he joined the United Press as a reporter in London, and two years later transferred there to the CBS News bureau under Edward R. Murrow.

In 1942 he won a Peabody award for his coverage of the Allied invasion of North Africa, and a year later was cited by the National Headliners Club for consistently accurate and interesting reports of the fighting in North Africa.

Charles Collingwood



With the exception of a two-year leave in the 1950s as special assistant to Averell Harriman, then Director of Mutual Security in Washington, Collingwood has been on scene and on microphone for CBS News for three decades, in the places and at the times when history was being made.

He was one of 16 correspondents to cover the German capitulation at Rheims, ending the second world war, and in 1965 from the same city, reported on "Victory in Europe—20 Years After". He was his network's first United Nations correspondent; has broadcast on the White House and the President at home and abroad; and on United States involvement in South Vietnam affairs, over the past 10 years.

His competence has been attested by many awards and honors, including decoration as a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor.

Judges: Donald Coe, James Harper, Howard Kany.

CITATION: Howard K. Smith, *ABC News*
For regular commentaries on the ABC
Evening News with Frank Reynolds.

CLASS 9

Best Magazine Reporting From Abroad.

For most of the interim since 1950, J. Robert Moskin has been on the staff of Look Magazine—with a few years out during which he served as managing editor of the Woman's Home Companion and senior editor on Collier's. In that span he has covered assignments for Look in 23 countries, on subjects ranging from government and foreign policy to the military, science, medicine and the sociological sciences.

He has produced scores of Look articles, including major features from Vietnam, Israel, Germany, Berlin, Sweden, Puerto Rico, Korea and the United Nations.

The 1968 entry that won him the acclaim of a critical panel was entitled "Gunnar Myrdal Talks about the American Conscience".

The versatility of his production and the fluency of his style brought him the National Headliners Award in 1967 for "general excellence in feature writing"; and in 1965 he received two national honors for the best magazine writing of the year—one the Page One Award of the Newspaper Guild of New York, the other the Sidney Hillman Foundation Award.

In the book field he is the author of "Morality in America", a 1966 Random House publication; and "Turncoat", the story of an American defector who spent 12 years in Communist China, brought out by

J. Robert Moskin



Prentice-Hall in 1968. He was one of three editors who contributed a series of articles to *Look*, published by Random House under the title "The Decline of the American Male".

Born in New York City, Moskin earned a bachelor's degree at Harvard and a master's degree at Columbia, both in American history. He served during the second world war with the U.S. Army in the Southwest Pacific.

Judges: Jean Baer, Mary Bass Gibson, Camille Rose, Ken Wilson, Nate Polowetsky.

CITATION: Ernest Dunbar, *Look Magazine*
"India."

CITATION: Edwin Roth, *Editor & Publisher*;
"Czechoslovakia."

CLASS 10

Best Magazine Interpretation Of Foreign Affairs.

Preoccupation with the East Asian policy of the United States is almost second nature to James C. Thomson, Jr., Assistant Professor of History at Harvard since 1966. From 1961 to 1964 he was Special Assistant, successively, to Chester Bowles, Roger Hilsman, and William P. Bundy in the Department of State in Washington, and later served for two years on the National Security Council staff at the White House.

His ponderings on the general theme led to his writing of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* article "How Could Vietnam Happen?", selected as the outstanding entry in the category of interpretation of foreign affairs. It is the second consecutive year that the magazine has scored in this class.

Although born in Princeton, N.J., in 1931, Prof. Thomson went to Yale University, where he received a B.A. degree in 1953. He also holds B.A. and M.A. degrees from Cambridge University in England, and a Ph. D. degree from Harvard.

He has been equally interested in the history of modern China, and has written extensively about that subject as well as on Vietnam. His manuscript on "Americans as Reformers in Kuomintang China, 1928-37" will be published this year by the Harvard University Press.

Mr. Thomson is a member of the Association for Asian Studies, Phi Beta Kappa, and an honorary scholar of Clare College, Cambridge, England.

Judges: Jean Baer, Mary Bass Gibson, Camille Rose, Ken Wilson, Nate Polowetsky.

James C. Thomson, Jr.



CITATION: Stanley and Inge Hoffman, *Daedalus*
"The Will to Grandeur: de Gaulle as
Political Artist."

CITATION: Michel Tatu, *Interplay*
"The Future of Two Foreign Policies."

CLASS 11

Best Book On Foreign Affairs.

Former Under Secretary of State George W. Ball, author of "The Discipline of Power," is widely experienced in international affairs but quite different from the popular concept of the diplomatic type.

His is a twentieth-century, hands-above-the-table approach to world problems that has little in common with the traditional urbanity and circumlocution of the striped-pants coterie. Directness rather than eloquence marks his speeches as well as his writing, and the average newsman, listening or reading, tends to comment admiringly on his articulate presentations.

Most of his mature years have been spent in some form of government service in Washington or abroad. He first went there after finishing at Northwestern University, where he received a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1930 and a Doctor of Laws degree in 1933. Beginning as a lawyer in the Farm Credit Administration, he moved on to the office of the General Counsel of the Treasury Department, for a year. From 1935 to 1942 he was in private law practice in Chicago.

After Pearl Harbor he returned to Washington as Associate General Counsel of the Lend-Lease Administration, and in 1943 assumed the same position in the Foreign Economic Administration, which had absorbed Lend-Lease. In Paris and London in 1944 and 1945 he served as a civilian with the Air Force Evaluation Board and with the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey, studying the political and economic effects of the air offensive against Germany.

From 1945 to 1961, again in private practice in Washington, he divided his time between the U.S. capital and western Europe, specializing in international law and commercial relations. The Kennedy Administration brought him back to Government service, as Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs.

In April of 1968, at the request of President Johnson, Mr. Ball took a leave of absence from Lehman Brothers—with whom he is still associated—to head the United States Mission at the United Nations. He resigned that

George W. Ball



post last fall, to work in the campaign of the Democratic nominee, Vice President Hubert Humphrey.

Mr. Ball holds the U.S. Medal of Freedom, is an officer of the French Legion of Honor, and has been awarded the Belgian Grand Cross of the Order of the Crown.

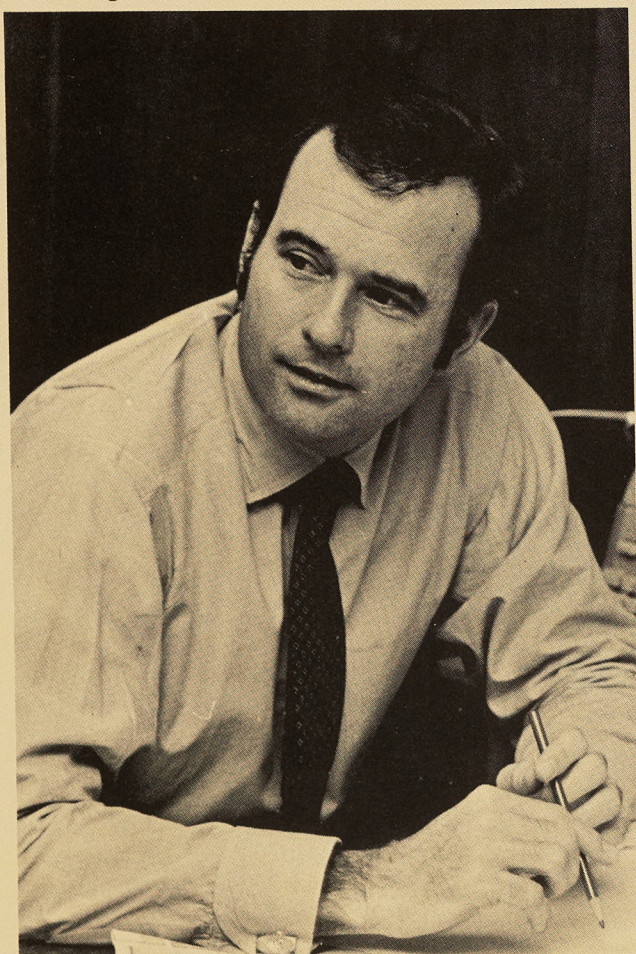
His recent book was published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Judges: Anita Diamant Berke, John Barkham, Lawrence Blochman, Hallie Burnett, Gerold Frank, Beulah Harris, Fred Kerner.

CITATION: John P. Leacacos, *World Publishing Company* for his book *Fires In the In-Basket*.

CITATION: William Manchester, *Little, Brown & Company* for his book *The Arms of Krupp*.

Don Wright



CLASS 12

Best Cartoon On Foreign Affairs.

Announcement in January of this newest of OPC awards brought in 65 entries—the year's largest total in any category. The competition—with the nation's top talent contending as well as young hopefuls—was stiff, and the decisions difficult.

Recipient of the initial honors (and honorarium of \$500) is Don Wright of the Miami News for his cartoon of U.S. GI's in Vietnam commencing ironically on the Paris Peace talks. 34 years old and a staff member of the News since 1952, he started as a copyboy and has worked up from there, demonstrating versatility and imagination in the process.

His flair for drawing and lampooning was quickly evident, and his illustrations were published even before he ceased running copy. Promoted to staff photographer, he carried off a succession of State and national awards. During his military service from 1956 to 1958 he worked as a Signal Corps photographer, and on returning to the News was made photo editor.

On frequent occasions Wright has been called upon to sketch from life, at various news events where photographers were barred.

In 1963 he was given the post of editorial cartoonist, and in 1965 his work won a Pulitzer prize.

Judges: Jerry Robinson, Rube Goldberg, Daniel Schwarz.

CITATION: Bill Crawford, NEA
For his cartoon "Reach," on the
Israeli-Arab war.

CITATION: Warren King, *The New York Daily News*
For cartoon on de Gaulle titled
"Flood Tide."

CLASS 13

Vision Magazine-Ed Stout Award For Best Article Or Report On Latin America.

Henry Giniger has been chief correspondent for The New York Times in Mexico City since 1965. He has also covered news in other Latin American countries during this time, using Mexico City as his base. From 1946 until 1965 he had been a member of The New York Times Paris bureau where he helped to cover the turbulent history of French government and politics.

Mr. Giniger was born in Brooklyn in 1922. He is a graduate of New York's City College and the Columbia School of Journalism. In 1943 he enlisted in the Marine Corps and served as a combat correspondent in the landing on Iwo Jima and the occupation of Japan.

He joined the Times' Paris bureau in February, 1946, a month after he was discharged from the Marine Corps.

His fresh perspective and animated reporting about Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean area brought him the Vision Magazine-Ed Stout Award (and a \$500 check) for his 1968 articles.

Recently reassigned, he will shortly return to France as chief of the Paris bureau.

Judges: Sam Summerlin, Bruce Henderson, Harvey Rosenhouse.

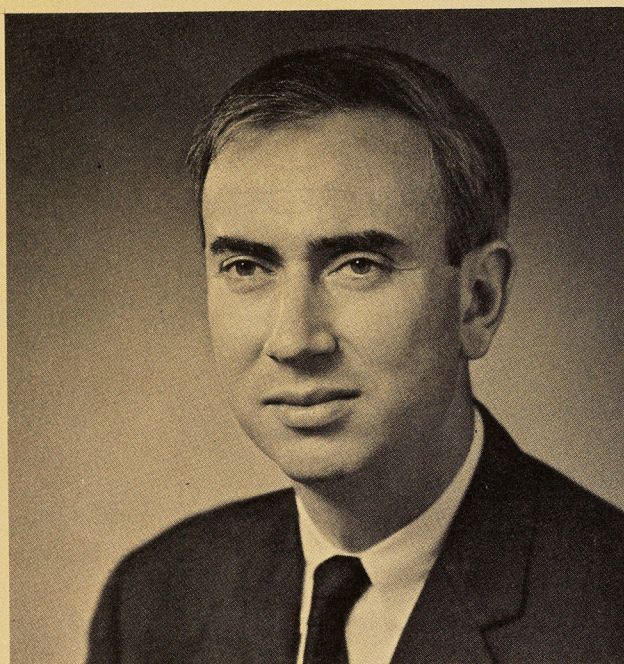
CITATION: James Goodsell, *Christian Science Monitor*
For "Amazonia: Problems & Promise" and
"Mexico: New Challenges."

CITATION: John Goshko, *The Washington Post*
For coverage of important events in
Latin America.

Henry Giniger



Clyde Farnsworth



CLASS 14

E. W. Fairchild Award for Best Business News Reporting From Abroad.

In the Spring of 1968, when the economy of western European nations churned and seethed, quite a few specialists read and interpreted the fever charts. But translating them into layman's language and a smoothly flowing news story involves a different skill—at which Clyde Farnsworth of The New York Times excels, in the opinion of the OPC judges who reviewed his extensive articles in this field.

His expositions of the problems of the Common Market, the fluctuations of the French franc, and the overall international financial situation, won for him the \$500 Fairchild Award as best in class.

Of a newspaper family—his father was an Associated Press man—Farnsworth is a product of Yale University, class of 1952, who began his writing career on the Yale Daily News and the Yale Literary magazine. He went almost directly from college into the Army and was assigned to Korea as a combat medic with the 179th Regiment of the 45th Division. After the 1953 truce he functioned as an editor-reporter-production man for a mimeographed newspaper for his regiment.

His whole professional life has been spent on coverage of financial and economic news; for the United Press from 1954 to 1959; the New York Herald Tribune for the ensuing three years, and the New York Times, from 1962. He was assigned to the London bureau in 1963, and since 1966 has been stationed in Brussels.

He is the author of a book on the credit industry, entitled "No Money Down".

Judges: Henry Gellermann, Bill Horgan, Samuel Lesch.

Bernard Kalb



CLASS 15

The Asia Magazine Award For The Best Article or Report On Asia.

From that part of the world where he has ranged consistently since 1956, Bernard Kalb of CBS News last year produced a television feature on "The Viet Cong", to which the OPC jury for the category voted first place among the entries, and the accompanying \$500 in cash. Audience interest in the program was heightened by the inclusion of some film captured behind enemy lines, depicting the day-to-day life of the characters collectively dubbed "Charlie" by American GIs.

His long and wide acquaintance with the region is a prime asset in the coverage provided from there by Kalb—older brother of Marvin Kalb of the same network. Bernie is sometimes identified as “open collar Kalb” to distinguish him from his near relative, who operates from Washington on the diplomatic front and is therefore “button-down collar” Kalb.

Born in New York in 1922, Bernie Kalb has been one of the globe-trottingest of correspondents, with assignments “from Greenland’s icy mountains to India’s coral strand”, or thereabout. After graduation from the City College of New York he became a news writer in 1946 for WQXR of The New York Times, and in 1955, a member of the foreign staff of that newspaper. His first six months in that post were spent on the Antarctica “Operation Deep Freeze I”.

From 1956 to 1961 he was based in South East Asia for the Times, the only western correspondent permanently on duty in Indonesia. He transferred in 1962 to CBS News, operating out of Paris until 1965, returning to Vietnam in October, 1966 and now spending up to half of his time there, with Hong Kong as his base.

Prior to his advent on the New York Times, Bernie extended his familiarity with remote places and contrasting climates through two years of Army service in the Aleutians, where (naturally) he wrote for the Army newspaper.

Judges: James L. Greenfield, Louis Kraar, Horace Sutton.

CITATION: Robert Christopher, Editor, and the Newsweek Staff
For “Vietnam: A Reappraisal.”

CITATION: Ernest Weatherall, *Christian Science Monitor*
For continuing coverage in depth of the nation of India.

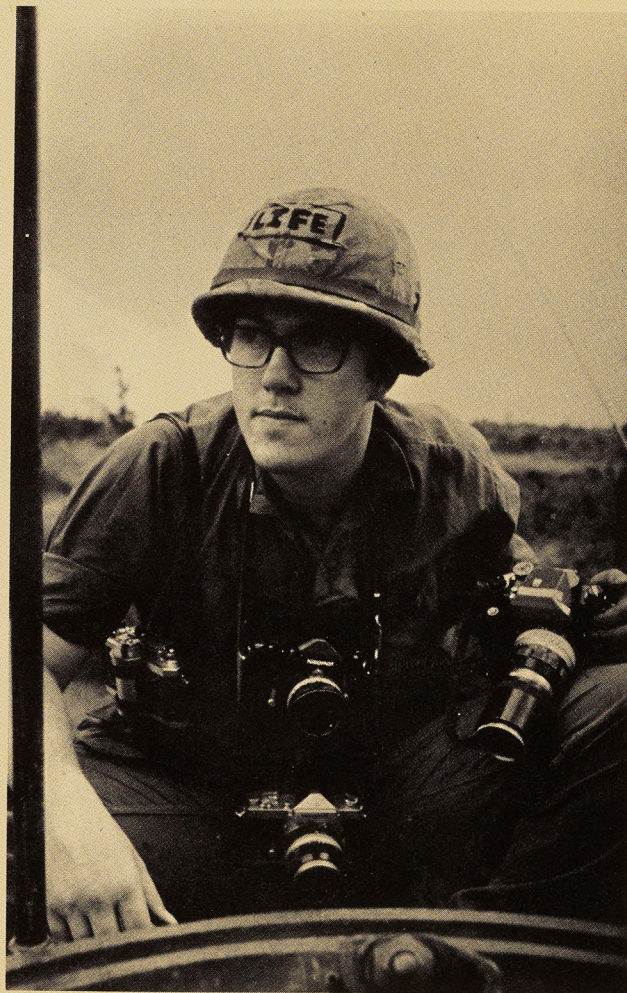
CLASS 16

Robert Capa Award For Superlative Still Photography Requiring Exceptional Courage And Enterprise Abroad.

In the tradition of the great cameraman it commemorates, the Robert Capa Award for 1968 is conferred for a series of battlefield action shots conveying vividly the stress and the struggle taking place.

The time was the disastrous Viet Cong Tet offensive last year, and the place the furiously contested former capital, Hue. John Olson, the recipient, was a Stars and Stripes photographer at this interval, and only 21 years old. His photographs, published in Life

John Olson



Magazine under the title "The Battle That Regained and Ruined Hue", were also used extensively by other publications.

His picture of wounded U.S. Soldiers on the tank is considered by many as possibly the best single photograph yet taken in the war in Vietnam.

Olson was born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1947 but since 1961 has lived with his family at Wayzata, Minn. His interest in cameras dates back to his tenth year, when his grandfather gave him one as a Christmas present.

Called up for military service in 1966, Olson took basic training at Fort Jackson, S.C., and then volunteered for Vietnam duty, arriving in Saigon in February, 1967. Six months later he was a combat photographer, remaining with Stars and Stripes until his discharge last June. Under contract to Life, he returned to Saigon for a time, but since February, 1969, has been the magazine's staff photographer at the White House.

He is the youngest photographer ever hired by Life, and may be the youngest ever to win a major U.S. photographic award.

Judges: Cornell Capa, Barrett Gallagher, David Strout, Charles Harbutt.

Peter Rehak



CLASS 17

OPC George Polk Memorial Award For Best Reporting, Any Medium, Requiring Exceptional Courage And Enterprise Abroad.

Peter Rehak—Associated Press.

(Biography under CLASS 1) Honorarium, \$500.

Judges: Richard J. H. Johnston, Clancy Topp, Everett Walker.

CITATION: William Baggs (Posthumous),
The Miami News
"Bill Baggs Returns to Hanoi."

THE PRESIDENT'S AWARD

To the newsmen of Czechoslovakia in all media.
For the defense of freedom of the press before and during the Soviet invasion of their homeland.

Judges: President Hal Lehrman and the Awards Committee.

DONORS OF OPC AWARDS

With warmest appreciation, the Overseas Press Club of America acknowledges its debt to the media from which it has received consistent support in the Club's annual selection of the outstanding work performed in the differing fields of international journalism in the preceding year.

So that the source and extent of these contributions may be more widely recognized, they are identified in the following list in the order in which they were established:

1948

OPC George Polk Memorial Award, \$500 yearly from CBS in commemoration of the able young correspondent who vanished in Greece that year, while trying to track down the elusive rebel leader, General Markos.

1955

Robert Capa gold medal, contributed by Life Magazine in memory of the intrepid photographer who was covering his fifth war in eighteen years, when killed by an anti-personnel mine in Indonesia.

1959

E. W. Fairbanks Award, \$500 for the best business news reporting from abroad, in any medium.

1959

Vision Magazine Award, \$500 for the best report in any medium on Latin America, in memory of its regional correspondent, Ed Stout.

1966

Asia Magazine Award, \$500 for the best report in any medium, on events in that area.

1968

The newly established Cartoonists Award, \$500 for the best cartoon on foreign affairs. Contributed jointly by the National Cartoonists Society (\$100); the New York Daily News (\$200) and the New York Times (\$200).

From the recipients, as well as from the Officers, Board of Governors and general membership of the OPC, a vote of thanks to these generous patrons.

OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB AWARDS 1965-1967

BEST REPORTING

FROM ABROAD

Daily Newspaper or Wire Service

1965—Richard Critchfield, Washington Star

1966—Hugh Mulligan, AP

1967—Joe Alex Morris, Jr.

Radio

1965—Richard Valeriani, NBC News

1966—Sam Jaffe, ABC News

1967—Don North, ABC News

Television

1965—Morley Safer, CBS News*

1966—Morley Safer, CBS News

1967—Ted Yates, NBC News

Photographs—daily newspaper or wire service

1965—Kyoichi Sawada, UPI

1966—Kyoichi Sawada, UPI

1967—Peter Skingley, UPI

Photography—in a magazine or book

1965—None

1966—Marc Riboud, Magnum (book)

1967—Lee Lockwood, Black Star Publishing (book)

Magazine

1965—Michael Mok and Paul Schutzer, Life

1966—Sybille Bedford, Saturday Evening Post

1967—Linda Grant Martin, N.Y. Times Magazine

BEST INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Daily newspapers or wire services

1965—Jack Foisie, Los Angeles Times

1966—Robert S. Elegant, Los Angeles Times

1967—Michael R. McGrady, Newsday; R. W. Apple, Jr., N.Y. Times

Radio

1965—Edward P. Morgan, ABC

1966—NBC News

1967—Welles Hangen and James Robinson, NBC

Television

1965—Fred Freed, NBC

1966—Howard K. Smith, ABC

1967—Eric Sevareid, CBS

Magazine

1965—A. M. Rosenthal, N.Y. Times Magazine

1966—Eric Sevareid, Look

1967—Frances Fitzgerald, Atlantic Monthly

Book

1965—Robert Shaplen (The Last Revolution. Harper and Row)

1966—Welles Hangen (The Muted Revolution. Alfred A. Knopf)

1967—George F. Kennan (Memoirs. Little Brown-Atlantic)

ENDOWED CATEGORIES

E. W. FAIRCHILD AWARD (\$500)

Best business news reporting from abroad

1965—Bernard D. Nossiter, Washington Post

1966—Lawrence Malkin, AP

1967—Ray Vicker, Wall Street Journal

VISION MAGAZINE—

ED STOUT AWARD (\$500)

Best report on Latin America

1965—Ted Yates, NBC News

1966—Georgie Anne Geyer Chicago Daily News

1967—Laura Bergquist, Look

ASIA MAGAZINE AWARD (\$500)

Best report on Asia

1965—Nonexistent

1966—Harrison Salisbury, N.Y. Times

1967—Horace Sutton, Saturday Review

ROBERT CAPA GOLD MEDAL

For superlative photography requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad

1965—Larry Burrows, Life Magazine

1966—Henri Huet, AP

1967—David Douglas Duncan, Life Magazine and ABC News

OPC GEORGE POLK MEMORIAL (\$500)

For best reporting, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad

1965—Morley Safer, CBS News*

1966—Ron Nessen, Vo Huynh and You Young Sang, NBC

1967—Eric Pace, N.Y. Times

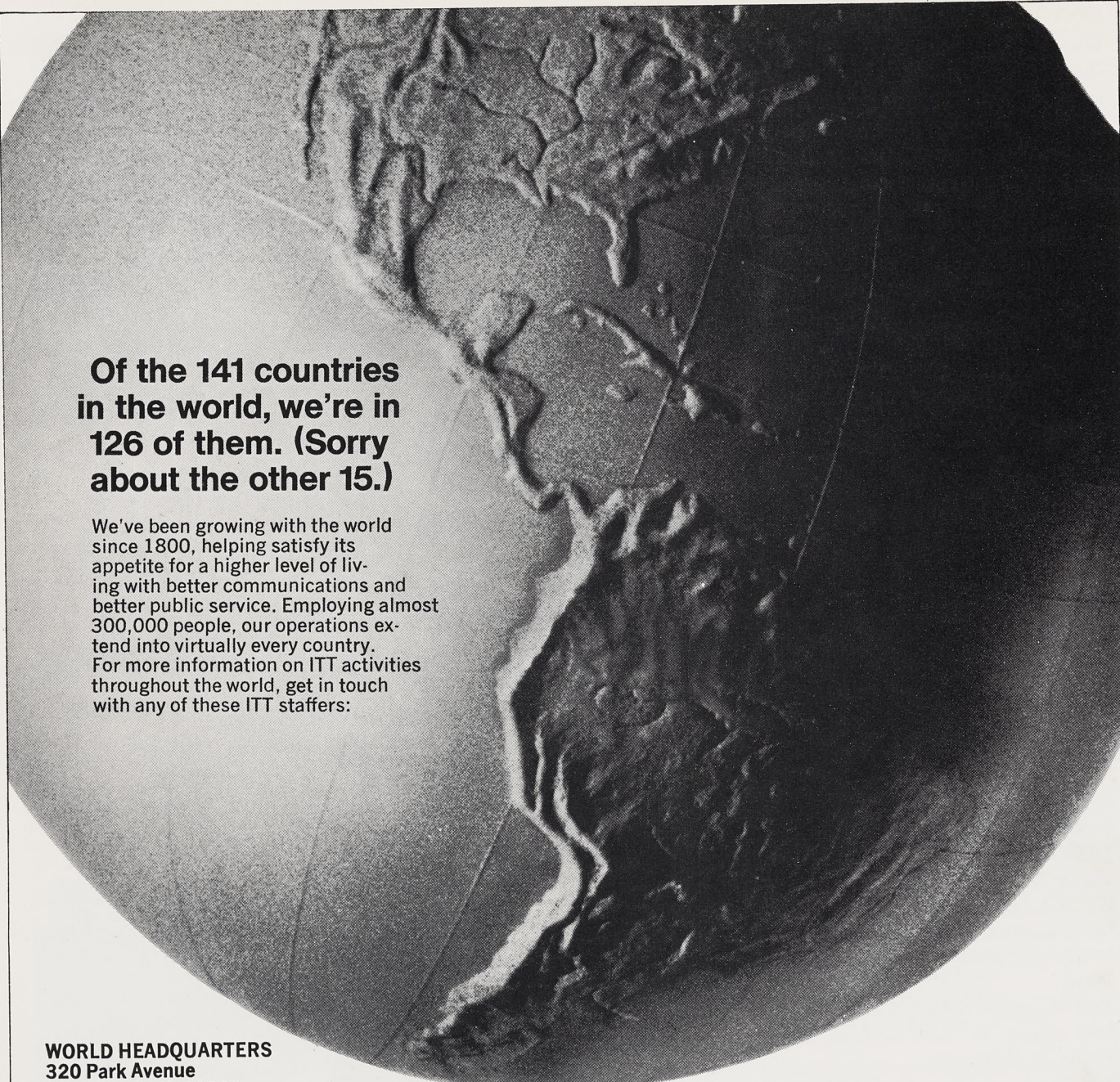
SPECIAL AWARDS

1965—David Sarnoff, for his contributions to development of electronic communications

1966—Henry R. Luce, in recognition of an outstanding career in journalism

1967—None

* Fourth correspondent since 1940 to be honored twice in one year.



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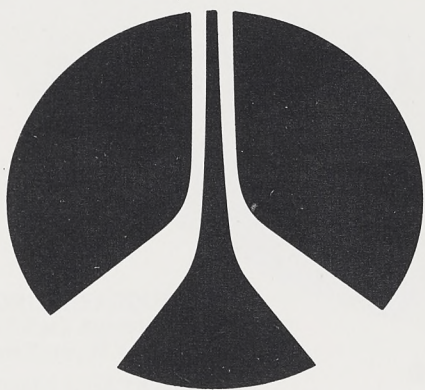
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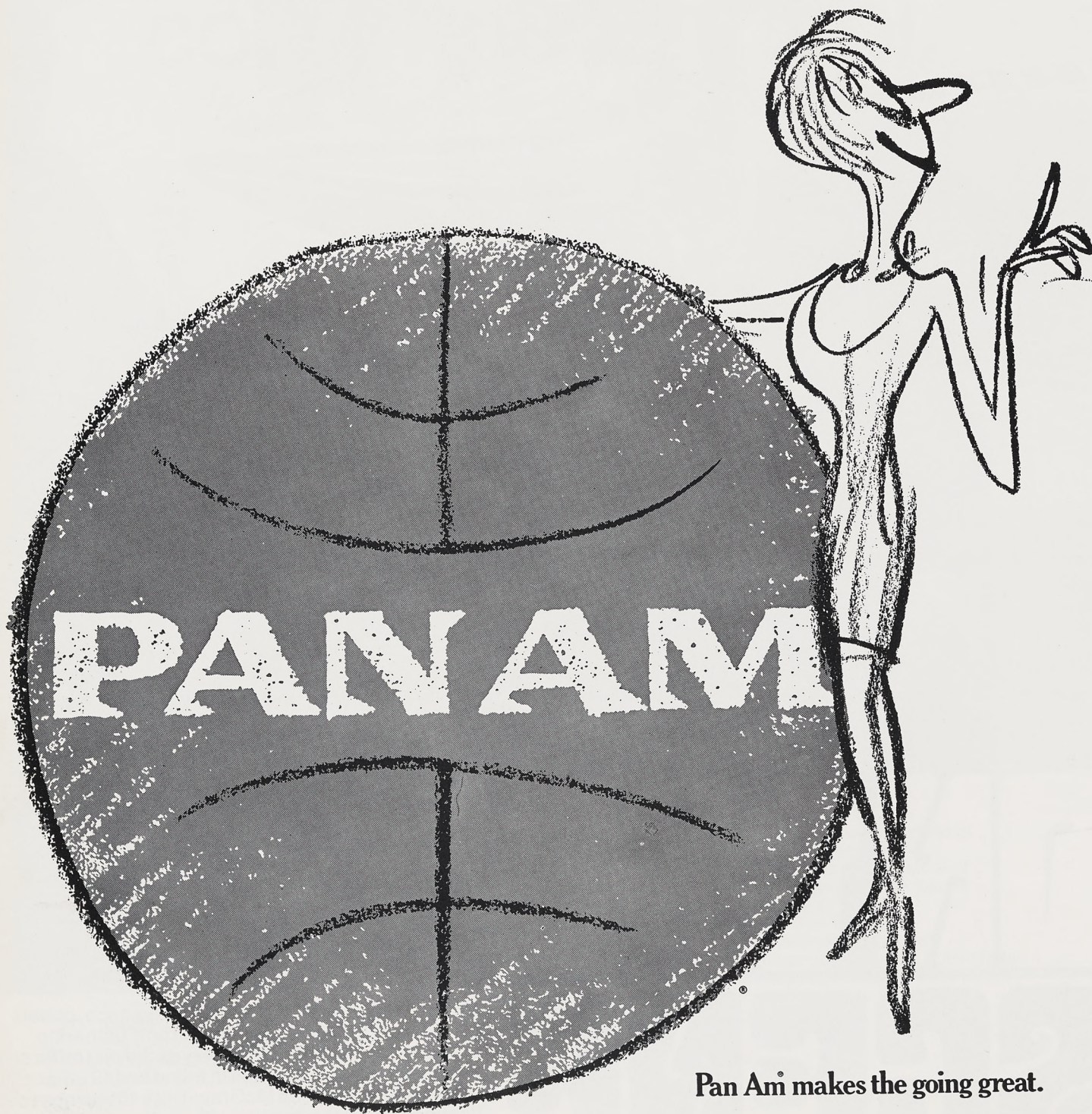


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
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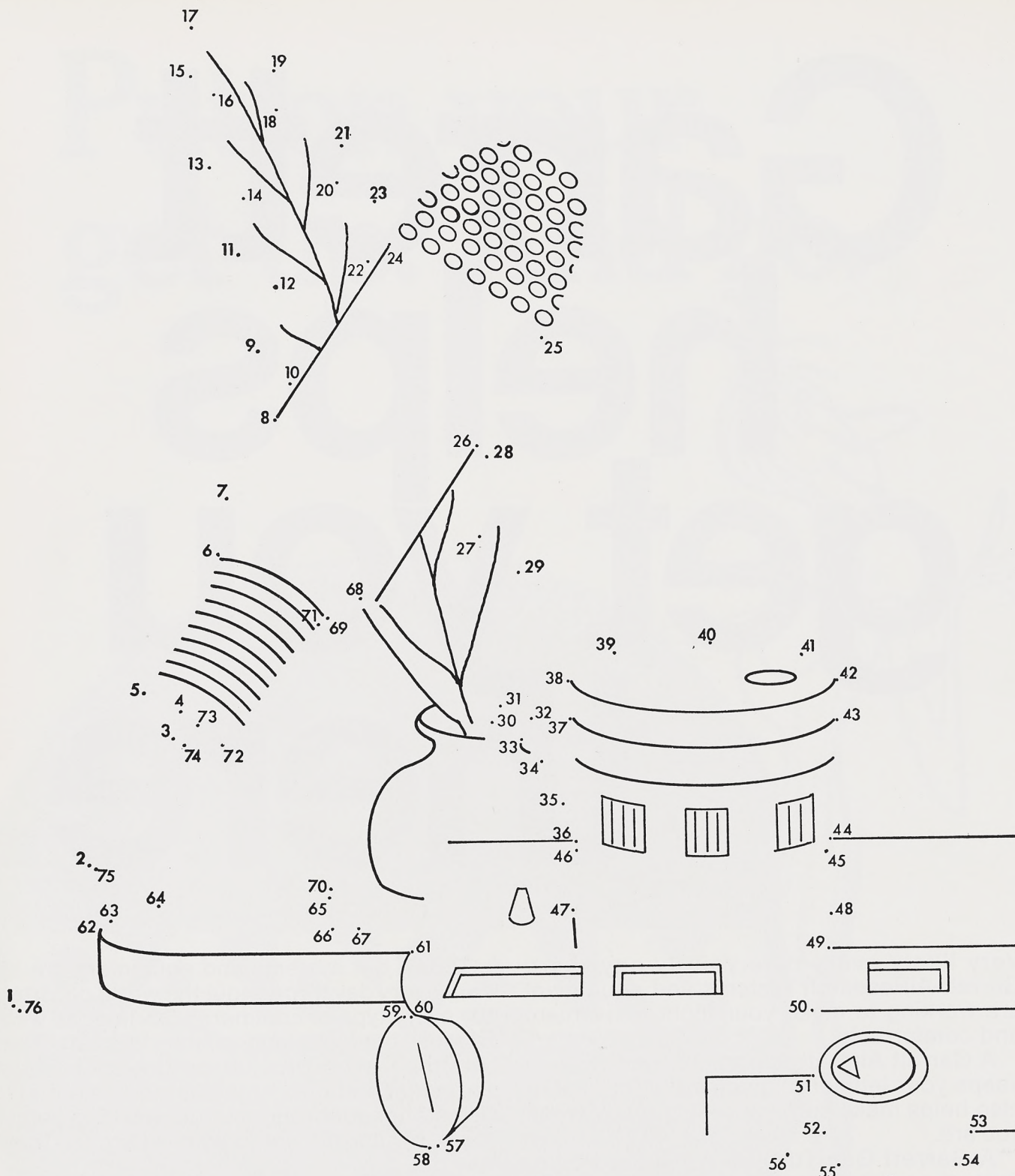
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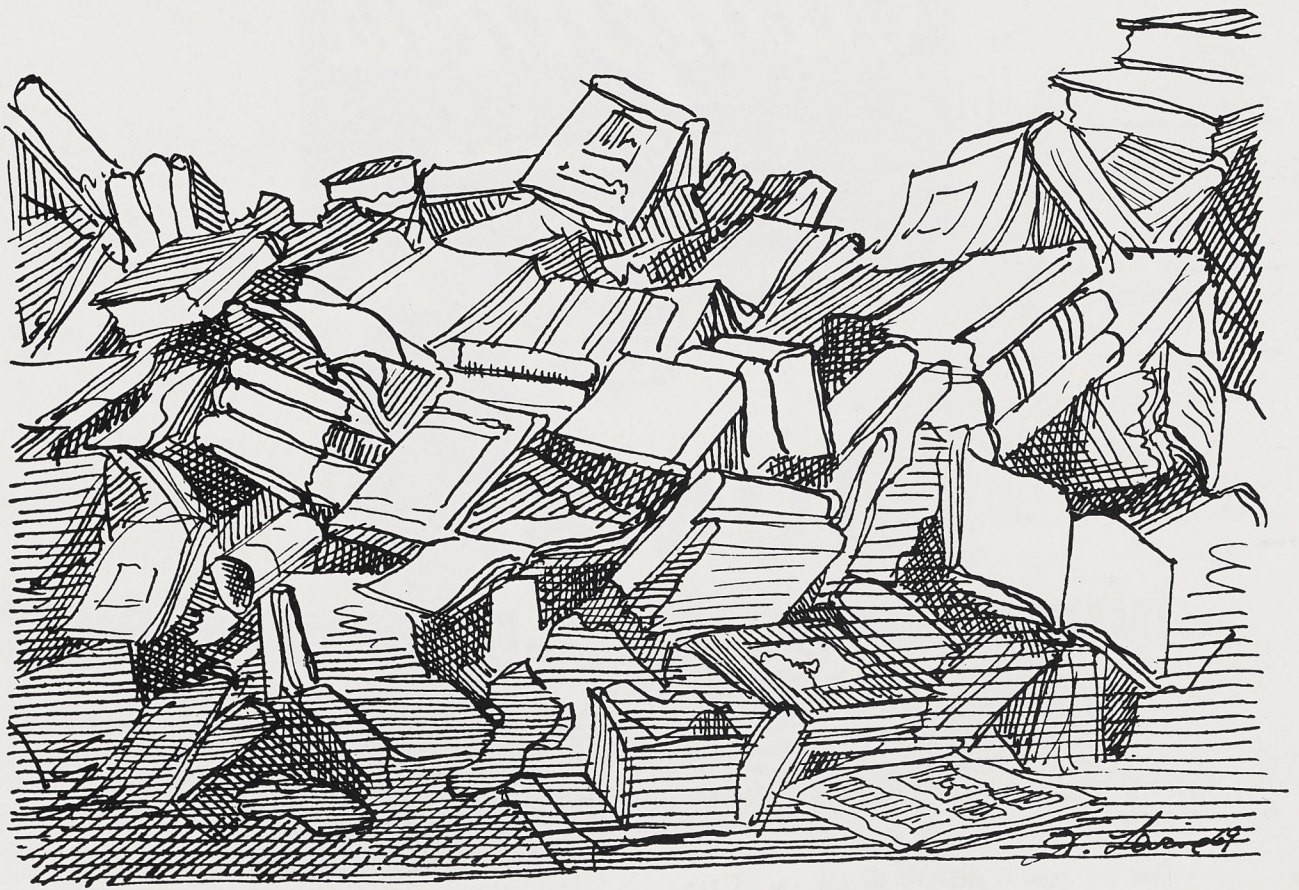
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THE NEW JOURNALISM

By Tom Wolfe

Go-Go watches, hip-huggers, transplanted hearts, Pop Art, Op Art, Minimal Art, sado-massy boots, roach holders, surfboards, Hagstrom guitars, oldies-but—goldies and The New Nonfiction; the one serious literary movement of the Sixties, featuring (would you believe it) magazine writers!



For the past fifteen minutes I have been trying to make a list of all the great young novelists, poets and playwrights of the 1960's . . . the ones who knocked Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Pound, Eliot and Joyce into the cheap seats and started a whole new direction in American literature . . . and it's strange. I can't think of any . . . not even one, not even one contender . . . Very odd . . . After all! the 1960's were the Youth Epoch . . . Or at least that is the way the social histories will describe them . . . You know the social histories? Those marvelous books full of little thumbnail photos of antiques and curios from the period . . . I can see it now for the 1960's . . . little shots of go-go watches, beads, medallions, hip-huggers, see-throughs, bell-bottoms, turtle-necks, false eyelashes, Afro hairdos, light show projectors, TV-stereo consoles, inflatable chairs, Mustangs, the hydrogen bomb, sideburns, space capsules, vibrators, topless swim suits, silicone breasts, shanks akimbo, felt-nib pens, miniskirts, Hondas, Diet Cola bottles, dirty Polaroid pictures, the new Saturday Evening Post, surf boards, fuel dragsters, computers, Snoopy dolls, one-a-day dial-a-pill dispensers, acrylic wall-to-wall, McCarthy buttons, transplanted hearts, oldies-but-goldies, psychedelic posters, bullhorns, Evinrude cruisers on top of the trailer in the breezeway, thief-proof coat hangers in the motel, colored towels, colored sheets, Pop art, Op art, Minimal art, sado-massy boots, stretch jeans, beehives, Instamatics, Hagstrom guitars, roach holders, spray cans, LSD . . . but *no* list of young writers at all, as I was saying . . . In fact, there will have to be footnote to the effect that the one new literary movement of the period featured older writers, in their thirties and forties, who wrote for magazines. . . .

Magazines! . . . Christ! to see how strange that is . . . that magazine writers should make a literary ripple . . . you only have to think back to what the status of writers for magazines—free-lance writers—has always been. In the days when I was working for newspapers, the very term “free lance writer” was always a joke. Like the characters in those stories in the *News* . . . I used to be an inveterate reader of the *New York Daily News*, back in the days before the *News* got stuffy, back when they had great rewrite men like Art Smith and Henry Lee . . . *Wild men!* Concise? The hell with that . . . 142-word leads, but you couldn't tear your eyes away . . . Leads on the order of: “Just what do these New York cops think they are anyway, a bunch of Russian Cossacks who can go around cutting off the hands of little kids caught stealing bread?” wondered Harry Matieczwiosz, 37, of 20-12½ Cherry St., Ozone Park, Queens, last night as he nestled in a gutter at 37th St. and Madison in the posh Murray Hills section of Manhattan with \$2447.94 stuffed in the side pocket of his solaro-cloth Savile Row suit and heard Patrolman Dominic Salmonella not only offer the opinion that he smelled like a working vat of rye

mash but also pronounce him under arrest for vagrancy. Vagrancy! with more than two grand bulging in his jeans! . . .” and so on . . . All right, all right, I'm getting back to all the hot magazine writers I said I was going to talk about . . . Anyway, the *News* would always have these stories about some extremely lurid and absurd event in a motel in Passaic, and the young lady involved always gave her occupation to the police as “model,” and the young man involved always gave his as “free lance writer” . . .

And that pretty much summed up the status of free lance writing up until 1965 or so. Not only was the status low, but magazine writers, no matter how good, were practically anonymous, despite the fact that they had by-lines. I was talking the other day to Richard Gehman, one of the country's best and most widely printed free lance writers, and he was telling of the time he ran into his friend Abe Rosenthal on the street. At the time Rosenthal had just won a Pulitzer Prize for his coverage of . . . something or other. Gehman is congratulating him right and left on winning the prize, and finally Rosenthal, by way of being polite, says, “Well, Dick, what are you up to these days? Still doing magazine articles?”

“It wasn't the ‘still doing’ part that got me,” says Gehman. “What got me was—at that very moment I had thirteen articles in print, on the newsstands, in thirteen national magazines, ranging from *True Confessions* to *Atlantic Monthly*.”

But that was magazine writing. As far as most people were concerned, me included, I guess, it was just brain candy.

The first time I realized there was something new going on in the magazines was one day in 1962 when I picked up a copy of *Esquire* and read an article by Gay Talese entitled “Joe Louis at Fifty.” This piece really hit me. I was a reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune* at the time, doing feature stories mostly, and I figured that when it came to features, I could hold my own with anybody. Nobody had ever heard of me . . . but so what . . . But this article by Gay Talese really knocked the wind out of me, as I say. I knew I couldn't have done it with what I then knew about journalism . . . and that was a rough dawn. . . .

“Joe Louis at Fifty” wasn't like a magazine article at all. It was like a short story. It began with a scene, an intimate confrontation between Louis and his third wife:

“Hi, sweetheart!” Joe Louis called to his wife, spotting her waiting for him at the Los Angeles airport.

“She smiled, walked toward him, and was about to stretch up on her toes and kiss him—but suddenly stopped.

“Joe,” she snapped, “where's your tie?”

“Aw, sweetie,” Joe Louis said, shrugging. “I stayed



out all night in New York and didn't have time . . ."

"All night!" she cut in. "When you're out here with me all you do is sleep, sleep, sleep."

"Sweetie," Joe Louis said with a tired grin, "I'm an ole man."

"Yes," she agreed, "but when you go to New York you try to be young again."

The story went on like that, scene after scene, building up a picture of an ex-sports hero now 50 years old. There was even a scene in the living room of Louis' second wife, Rose Morgan, in which she is showing a film of Louis' famous first fight with Billy Conn . . . the one he almost lost . . . She's showing it to some guests—and her present husband, who sits morosely on a couch with a drink in his hand . . . *This Joe Louis crap again.* . . .

Rose Morgan seemed excited at seeing Joe Louis at his top form, and every time a Louis punch would jolt Billy Conn, she'd go, "Mummmmmmm" (sock), "Mummmmmmm" (sock), "Mummmmmmm" (sock.)

Billy Conn was impressive through the middle rounds, but as the screen flashed "Round 13," somebody in the room said, "Here's where Conn's gonna make his mistake; he's gonna try to slug it out with Joe Louis." Rose Morgan's husband, the lawyer, remained silent, sipping his Scotch.

When the Joe Louis combinations began to land, Rose Morgan went "Mummmmmmm, mummmmmmm," and then the pale body of Billy Conn on the screen began to collapse against the canvas. Billy Conn slowly began to rise. The referee counted over him. Conn had one leg up, then two, then was standing—but the referee forced him back. It was too late.

But Rose Morgan's husband in the back of the room disagreed.

"I thought Conn got up in time," he said, "but the referee wouldn't let him go on."

Rose Morgan said nothing—just swallowed the rest of her drink.

I couldn't believe this stuff. How did this guy Talese ever get in on all this intimate byplay in the latterday life of Joe Louis . . . *He piped it.* That was it. *He faked the quotes, goddamn it*—which was precisely the cry of self-defense that many literati would sound over the next five years as the new journalism began to shake up the literary status structure. . . .

Talese hadn't piped it at all, of course. He was *there* all the time, and that was the simple secret of that. Eventually I got to know Gay Talese, and he told me how he had become interested in the short stories of John O'Hara and Irwin Shaw. Talese, like most magazine writers, had been doing articles more or less after the Stanley Frank formula. Frank had been one of the most prolific and successful magazine writers of the 1940s and 1950s, and his technique was a sophisticated version of the classic newspaper feature technique . . . mix up a lively lead, anecdotes, breezy exposition and a punchy last paragraph . . . Gradually, however, it dawned on Talese that there was no reason why he couldn't adapt the more dramatic and immediate technique of the short story to the magazine article—i.e., using scenes, extended dialogue, and "point of view." The

only limitation was one's own power as a reporter. You had to actually see the scenes and record the dialogue—in short, accumulate the same sort of vignettes and detail that good fiction writers use. This takes what I call "saturation reporting," but I will get back to that in a moment.

Esquire, with Talese in the vanguard, was pioneering in the new nonfiction in the early 1960's. For the most part, *Esquire's* chief editors, Harold Hayes and Clay Felker, refused to accept anecdotal or historical articles, much less the old British polite essay form, which was still common in other magazines. The whole emphasis was on first-hand reporting and graphic presentation of it. *The New Yorker* was into the new form to a limited degree. Lillian Ross had written a much-talked-about story about Hemingway that used a succession of scenes to create a picture of the aging Hemingway as a hopelessly pompous ass. But *The New Yorker's* insistence on a uniform, flat style for its writers tended to keep them, and Miss Ross included, from ever creating the novel-like sense of immediacy and subjective reality that *Esquire* was shooting for.

In 1963 another great new journalist suddenly came on from out of nowhere to the *Herald Tribune*: Jimmy Breslin . . . nowhere being magazine writing . . . Breslin had been free-lancing for several years for magazines like *True* and *Life*, doing sports stories almost exclusively. All of a sudden he was writing a daily column in the *Tribune*, starting in 1963. There wasn't another column anything like Breslin's. The hell with Walter Lippmann. Breslin never wrote a column off the top of the head. He went out every day like a general assignment reporter covering a strike demonstration or something, did incredibly detailed legwork, and then would come back to the city room about 5 p.m. and start slugging away at a typewriter . . . I've seen that phrase used before . . . Well, he really did it! . . . He battered the mother . . . fingers, fists, elbows . . . sweating, trembling . . . He would come up with a nonfiction short story in the vernacular style of a Brendan Behan or a Mikhail Zoschenko by the 7 p.m. deadline . . . It was amazing . . . I never even heard of a writer who could come up with his quality of writing against a newspaper deadline, unless maybe it was George Ade, the old Indiana humorist, who wrote most of his *Fables* on a daily basis. . . .

I remember one story Breslin wrote . . . against a daily deadline . . . about Tony Provenzano, a Teamster boss in New Jersey . . . Provenzano was on trial in Union City . . . early in the story Breslin hit the note of how the sun pouring in the old Federal courthouse window kept exploding off the diamond in the pinkie ring Provenzano wore on the little finger of his left hand. Gradually the whole drama of mobster arrogance versus the slow machinery of Federal justice became bound up in that one image . . . During the lunch break Breslin followed Provenzano to a bar across the street and recorded the whole dialogue as Tony Pro's hangers-on fawned over him and assured him of his invincibility . . . I think that was the story where Breslin first got off that great line of his: "It was the kind of saloon where you walk in and say 'Hey, Rocky' and seventeen guys at the bar turn

around" . . . In the last paragraph Provenzano finally gets his. He is convicted . . . outgunned by a Federal prosecutor who makes \$9500 a year and doesn't even have a diamond on his little finger. . . .

Well, it was great stuff! A short story! and you could buy it on the newsstand in the morning for a dime! . . . Breslin's magazine articles were even better. Breslin was also writing on a regular basis for the *Tribune's* new Sunday supplement, *New York*. So was I. I was writing for *New York* and *Esquire* and doing daily newspaper stories at the same time. I had gotten into the new vein myself, by a different route . . . All at once—one night, in fact—while struggling over an article for *Esquire*, the first magazine article I had ever tried to do, I broke loose . . . but I have described the process in the introduction to *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, so I won't go into it here. . . .

Anyway, *New York* magazine was becoming the red-hot center of the new journalism. Clay Felker had left *Esquire* and had teamed up with *New York's* first editor, Sheldon Zalaznick. In an incredibly short time, 1963 through 1965, *New York* revolutionized the Sunday supplement field . . . it had never occurred to anybody that a Sunday supplement could be high quality. . . .

That was precisely it! Nobody ever thought of it before . . . In no time *New York* had influenced practically every good young journalist starting out. *New York* was like a manifesto: There are no more limits to nonfiction; everything that anybody has ever accomplished in fiction, you can now accomplish in nonfiction—if you have the stamina and the courage to do the reporting and the skill to put it together.

The great thing about magazine writing, as it turned out, was that it had no tradition. Anything went, because there were no rules worth leaving unbroken. That was practically the way it was. For 75 years at least there had been a very pat status hierarchy in the literary world. Novelists, also playwrights, and poets—although poetry was pretty much a deal letter—ranked first. They were the holy beasts. They represented the realm of the spirit and man's higher emotions. In second place were gentleman-amateur essayists—all the descendants of Hazlitt, Lamb, Carlyle, plus the Bergsons, Santayanas, Sartres, Shaws, Menckens, as well as the great biographers and the "men of letters" like Edmund Wilson. They represented the realm of Intellect and serious analysis. At the bottom were newspapermen, and the bottom was a long way down. They were plugs, drays, whose only usefulness was the hauling up of raw data, the facts, that writers of higher powers might make some use of . . . As for magazine writers . . . they weren't even in the game. . . .

There was some plain social snobbery to this hierarchy, too, in addition to the obvious intellectual snobbery. The highest-ranking nonfiction writers—the gentleman-amateur essayists—generally felt it beneath them to engage, at least on an habitual basis, in the process of legwork, i.e., basic on-the-scene reporting. That was left to the rancid Low Rent grubs of Fleet Street and such people. After all, there is something very . . . Low Rent about reporting. It can be unpleasant, tedious, physically dirty, tiring, even dangerous, and, worse than that, em-

barrassing, humiliating, a grand mess. You never know. You're always trying to maneuver inside of somebody else's home bailiwick . . . The essayists have operated from inside the study, the library, amid a mental atmosphere of leather-spined books and aging sun-grown tobacco. They have all been versions of Walter Lippmann . . . the gentleman-amateur who for 40 years reads the *New York Times* . . . and then extrudes it back at you like a daily drop of mush on your forehead. . . .

Then suddenly along comes the new journalism, requiring all three talents . . . reporting, analysis, and above all, the dramatic techniques of fiction . . . replacing the essay as the major non-fiction form . . . panicking the old essayists. Tom Morgan's articles in *Esquire* . . . collected in *Self-creations* . . . Terry Southern's articles in *Esquire* . . . collected in *Red Dirt Marijuana* . . . Hunter Thompson's wild book *The Hell's Angels* . . . Rex Reed's interviews . . . "Adam Smith's" article in *New York* . . . incorporated in *The Money Game* . . . work in *New York* by all sorts of young writers like Robert Christgau, Richard Goldstein and Doon Arbus . . . John Sack's book, *M*, about an Army company in Vietnam . . . the new journalism began to take on the proportions of a movement . . . without the usual nerve-gas theoreticians . . . But what shook up the literary world as much as anything else, I guess, was that dusty old chartoyant Truman Capote's turning to the new form to facelift his reputation with *In Cold Blood* . . . Another fading novelist, Norman Mailer, turned to it to revive his reputation last year with *The Armies of the Night*. . . .

I don't know why all this should have come as such a surprise, however. A great deal of very successful fiction has been little more than nonfiction with the names changed. I can remember a novelist named Thomas Gallagher coming into the office of *New York* magazine in 1965 and showing Clay Felker the galleys of a novel he had just finished . . . All right . . . By and by Felker starts browsing through it and he comes to a very striking passage describing the execution, in the electric chair, of a machine-gun killer who in the novel is named Fahey or something like that.

"Wait a minute," says Felker. "This sounds like the execution of Trigger Burke." Burke was a bank robber and hired killer who was executed.

"That's right," says Gallagher. "I saw him executed."

"And this is exactly the way it happened?"

"Exactly," says Gallagher. "I was there."

"Then why don't we change the name back to Burke and run it in the magazine?" says Felker. Which he did. The piece was run in the middle of a debate in New York State over capital punishment and had a terrific impact.

I remember talking to Neal Cassady while I was working on my book *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. Cassady was the hero—under the name of Dean Moriarty—of Jack Kerouac's novel, *On the Road*.

"Jack has a fantastic memory," Cassady told me. "We'd be knocking around for a couple of weeks, drinking, driving across the country, blowing our minds, and then he would sit down some weekend and write it all down and there it would be in the book, everything

everybody did or said, whole conversations, word-for-word"—nonfiction with the names changed.

But I never really realized just how far the thing went until I talked to Heinrich Ledig-Rowohlt, the German publisher. In his youth Ledig-Rowohlt had been a bosom pal of Thomas Wolfe, my namesake the novelist. My namesake the novelist, that's a pretty silly phrase, yes—but anyway, Ledig-Rowohlt and Wolfe were great pals when Wolfe was in Germany in the mid-1930's. They used to have these long conversations in which Ledig-Rowohlt would express his fears about the Nazi regime, which was then riding high. What Ledig-Rowohlt didn't know was that Wolfe was going back to his hotel every night and writing down their conversations in great detail, complete with Ledig-Rowohlt's German accent and his thoughts on the Nazis. So one day about 10 months later Ledig-Rowohlt picks up a copy of *New Republic* and here is a short story by Thomas Wolfe—and his main arteries froze on the spot: This story is all about a young German publisher who thinks the Nazis are a freaking doomsday menace. This story has Ledig-Rowohlt described right down to the brass fixtures on his office door, the cut of his lapels, the thuds in his accent, everything. He doesn't know whether to try to flee the country or stick his head in the oven. He is still waiting for the knock on the door and the knout chop in the back of the head when Wolfe turns up in Munich.

"Tom!" says Ledig-Rowohlt. "How could you do this to me!"

"What do you mean?" says Wolfe. They'll never know its you. I changed your name."

"Yes!" says Ledig-Rowohlt. "All the way from Heinrich Ledig-Rowohlt to Ludwig Heilig-Lowohlt!"

That is the extreme case—they never got him, by the way—but just about any novelist will confess that vast stretches of his work are precisely that: nonfiction with the names changed. Actually, I think very few readers go to novels and short stories because they really want to read fantasy. I think they really read them because that, until recently, has been the only place they could find a particular side of the truth, a very important side. I am talking about subjective reality, or emotional experience, whatever you want to call it. The whole Freudian revolution has really been about subjective reality, not just sex: i.e., about the overriding consequences of the individual's sense of subjective reality.

And this brings me to "saturation reporting," upon which so much of the new journalism depends. For years the basic reporting technique has been the interview. You have a subject to write about, so you go interview the people who know about it, you write down their answers and then you recount what they said. Saturation reporting is much harder. You are after not just facts, but scenes . . . to pull it off you have to stay with the people you are writing about for long stretches. You may have to stay with them days, weeks, even months—long enough so that you are actually there when revealing scenes take place in their lives. You have to constantly be on the alert for chance remarks, odd details, quirks, curios, anything that may serve to bring a scene alive when you're writing—as well as long stretches of dialogue. There is no formula for it. It never gets any

easier just because you've done it before. You've got to stay with them and be around when they swing into action.

When I first started out, in 1963, I used to worry about how I ought to act, what I ought to wear, and so forth. *Fit in*, that was the main idea, I figured. But this was a problem, because I was picking some pretty bizarre scenes to go into. I remember going to the hill country of North Carolina, up in moonshine country, to do a story about Junior Johnson, the great stock car racing driver. The stock car races . . . so I figured I ought to go casual. I showed up at the North Wilkesboro Speedway in a green tweed suit, a blue shirt, a black knit tie, brown suede shoes and a brown Borsalino hat, the kind that has fuzzy hairs on it about this long. Junior was a great hulking guy from Ingle Hollow, about 230 pounds of Man Mountain, but he was a sensitive and tactful soul, and by the third or fourth day I can see that there is something on his mind, only he doesn't know how to go about saying it. Finally, he tells me. "Tom," he says, "I don't know if I ought to tell you this, but all my friends keep coming up to me and saying, 'Junior, do you know there's this strange little green man following you around?'"

That was the end of . . . fitting in . . . and the hell with it . . . Just coming in wide open and interested worked out better, anyway . . . There is no use undertaking a long siege of saturation reporting unless you do have a sincere interest, because you are going to be investing an awful lot of time and energy and, before it's over, emotion.

I say "emotion," but the emotional expense of the new nonfiction is far different from the kind of "passion" that leading gentleman-amateur essayists have traditionally indulged in, such as James Baldwin's moral outrage in his essay, "The Fire Next Time," or whatever it was. The passion of the new nonfiction is something like that of the method actor. It is a matter not of projecting your emotions into the story but of getting inside the emotions, inside the subjective reality of the people you are writing about. I often enter into a kind of controlled trance—that's the only way I can think of describing it—when I am writing a scene. What I am trying to do is relive somebody else's emotional experience in my mind. This way you can achieve a kind of writing that is charged with emotion and objective at the same time, because the emotion is not coming from outside the story but from inside the characters.

In most cases the new nonfiction is morally objective—in the sense that it allows the reader to make his own judgments, based on the experience the writer has enabled him to have. The *experience* is the important thing. The best of the new nonfiction writers tend to become much more obsessed with the development of their own talents to heighten the reader's experience of subjective reality—with bringing the story alive, in short—than with "the issues." This may be a slightly egotistical form of objectivity . . . But with that little leap of ego, friends . . . I submit . . . gingerly . . . comes the beginning of the real goods . . . literature, as they say . . . and maybe a little list for the illustrated history book. . . . ■

THE OLD JOURNALISM

by Bob Considine

A short prayer from the man they call "The Greatest Reporter In The World."

DEAR God, may I be fair. Circumstances and dumb luck have placed in my thumbby paws a degree of authority which I may not fully comprehend. Let me not profane it.

Give me the drive that will make me check and counter-check the facts. Guide me when, lost for want of a rudder or a lead, I stumble through the jungle of speculation. Grant me, as the poet sang:

*The courage to change the things I can change;
The serenity to accept those I cannot change, and
The wisdom to know the difference.*

The 26 sharp-edged tools we call our alphabet can do what other tools do: build or destroy. Let me build. But let me know clearly, also, what should be destroyed, what darkness, what bigotry, what evil, what curse, what ignorance.

Never let me slip into writing DOWN, in fatuous fear that readers will not understand. Let me write from the shoulder, and always with the assumption that those who read know more than I.

Such news as I find or comes my way, let me tell it quickly and accurately and simply, with an eye to my responsibilities. For news is precious. Few could live without it. When it is stopped or thwarted or twisted, something goes out of the hearts of men it might have nourished. Confront a starving man with his choice of a succulent meal or the promise to reveal instantly news of great importance, and he will first take the news. THINK pieces, as we say in the trade to identify articles and columns contrived out of airy nothingness, or from a prone position, can never replace the meat and potatoes of news.

Let me champion just causes, avoid expediency, never lose the stimulation engendered by printer's

ink. Remind me to be kind to copyboys, for I'll meet them on the way back down—when they are editors. Protect the innocent from me when, with deadline pressing, my aim grows fuzzy.

Make me use my legs and eyes, the better to track down and see the truth. Deafen me to the Lorelei song of rootless hearsay, rumor, and the gossip of town loafers. If word that could cause great harm comes to me, even from sources far above reproach, let me have the dexterity and decency to phone and ask the subject about it.

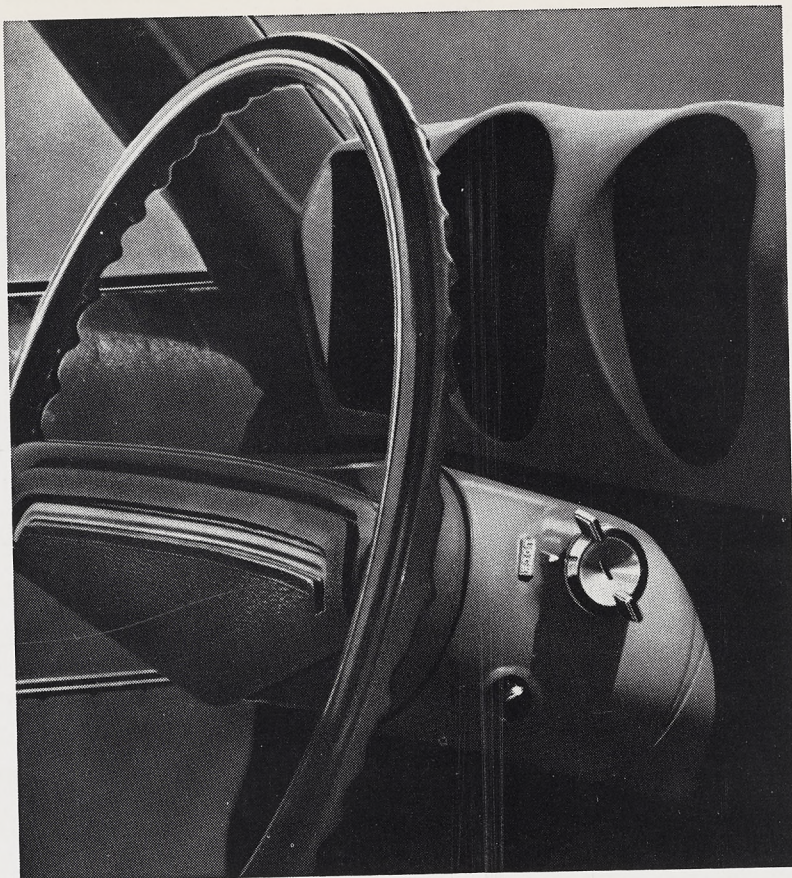
When the customers write in to accuse me of being a bum, let me consider carefully the possibility or probability that I am . . . and try to do better. Let me work harder, try harder and recall with proper humility that history produced some notably abler reporters, including four journey-men named Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

Let my stomach rebel at plucking meat from publicity handouts and let me not be miffed when someone says, "You had a pretty good piece last week but I can't remember what it was."

As long as our men fight, sweat, freeze and die in actual or cold war, sacrifices which at times should make our food stick in our throats and our luxuries a torment, let me never cheaply use the words "courage" or "guts" to describe the means by which a pitcher wins a ball game, a gridman bucks a line, a golfer sinks a putt, or a fellow makes a speech.

And above all, let me recall repeatedly what the great teachers of the past . . . Moses and Socrates and Christ . . . would have done if by some alchemy they had been given the breathtaking break of swift and far-flung communications. ■





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ERRARE EST HUMANUM

One of the most not-talked about events at the Overseas Press Club this year was the fact that someone was supposed to have walked off with a big bundle of club funds, or something. Then there was the fuss in the New York Times about it. Then some members actually got annoyed and complained and even the great Harrison E. Salisbury, when asked by the editors of this magazine to contribute, replied: "I'm afraid I am not feeling very positive about the OPC these days..." Really! Things have been missing from the club before (to wit: all the items above). Patience, gentlemen, believe in the philosophy that man is essentially virtuous. The items above have been returned or replaced, haven't they?



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The Propaganda of The American Press

by Michael J. Arlen
Television Critic of The New Yorker

An objective reporter is someone whose prejudices you trust

J ournalism is in a state of change, like everything else these days, in part shaping its audience, its readers—the people who call it into being; mostly, one suspects (despite modern genuflections to the religious power of media), being in fact *shaped* by the forces already at work within the people, and one of the more striking directions it seems to have been heading in over the past few years is toward an increasing, almost casual acceptance of propaganda as the most effective and natural vehicle for communicating about matters of recognized importance. Propaganda admittedly means different things to different people—usually pejorative, usually carrying with it some misty image of Dr. Goebbels speaking benignly into a microphone about the occupation of the Sudetenland. But if that's propaganda (which it is), so also is President Johnson's press conference, and so, too, is Senator Fullbright's press conference, and so are most speeches or writings by most people in public life, which aren't strictly journalism but which, transcribed at face value by the press, become journalism, and which now in turn seem to be breeding a growing counterpropaganda, as apparently (or so say the counterpropagandists) the only method of setting the picture straight. *Time's* recent stories about the war in Vietnam seem to be mainly propaganda. Mary McCarthy's articles on Vietnam in the *New York Review of Books* seem also to be propaganda. *Life's* "reporting" on runaway kids in the East Village seems to be propaganda, as does an informative article in *Ramparts* on the drug scene in San Francisco. In fact, it's hard right now to find many sources of journalism where propaganda is consistently absent; mostly, propaganda isn't only there but is the fluid that just about everything else

seems to be swimming in. To be sure, larger and larger areas of the press more or less have to print it—the *Times*, for example, which is required by its information-happy readers to carry Secretary So-and-So's recent address about the poverty program but can't really get around to examining it, to connecting it to reality, until a later date, or, at best, in somebody else's story on some other page. Or TV news, which is also required by its audience to eyewitness public history, and thus, since public history is mostly propaganda, gets stuck most of the time with just passing along everybody else's propaganda: Hubert Humphrey's in Vietnam, Norman Mailer's in Washington—you name it. But what seems to be happening more and more these days is that even in those areas in which propaganda isn't so structurally required (in the general magazines, especially in the intellectual magazines, and to a now considerable degree in TV news-and-information programs), propaganda appears to be the vocabulary that people have simply come to feel is best suited to the times—as if in considering an actual situation today (for example, Negro rioting in Newark or the burning of a village in Vietnam) one had made some sort of explicit decision that although the actuality of the situation was real and important, what was more real and more important was what the people you were communicating with could be brought to feel about it. The substance at the center is not the actuality but the feelings around it. The main thing is not the event, and the need to describe it, but to describe it in such a way that people will feel the way you would like them to feel about it. *Fortune* handles information to make its readers feel "right" about AT&T. The *Nation* handles information to make its readers feel "right"

about the Bolivian guerrilla movement. *Look* handles information to make its readers feel "right" about the hippies. Even in entertainment journalism, the new-school, "interpretive-journalist" approach to, say, a jazz musician or a movie star certainly isn't the actuality—what the movie star said is no longer important for having actually been *said*, and thus is no longer transcribed with that in mind, or later read with that in mind. What's important is the feel of it all, the feelings the writer hopes he can evoke in the reader about the movie star (and usually, in these cases, about himself as well), and when these feelings run counter to the spoken word, the observed act, the word and the act are usually bent—and nobody much seems to mind. If writers write differently now, maybe it's because people read differently; it's hard to tell.

Speaking of such matters, a couple of Fridays ago NBC put on a much-publicized news special about the Negro soldier in Vietnam, called "Same Mud, Same Blood," which seemed to have little reason for existence at all except as propaganda—and such damned casual, good-guy, racist propaganda, too. Frank McGee, who has generally been reasonably intelligent and straight about these matters, apparently went to Vietnam last fall and spent a number of weeks with an American platoon (which was a good thing to do) and then came back and put together sixty minutes of film, consisting almost entirely of McGee (off camera) and various white and black soldiers patting each other on the back about what a great thing it is to be a Negro in the United States Army, where a man is but a man & so forth: what a great thing it is for the Negro (who is now presumably extended the possibility of achieving manhood and death in the same instant—certainly a classical, if not an entirely forward, step), and what a great redemptive thing, by implication, it is for all of us poor benighted heathen back here in our segregated clubs and ice cream parlors.

McGEE: For this report, the fact that Larry [Sergeant Lewis Larry] is a Negro is of paramount importance. To the officers and men he serves with, it's a matter of total irrelevance. . . .

SPECIALIST 4TH CLASS HAWKINS: He just doesn't come up and tell you to do something he wouldn't do himself. He'll sort of ask you to do something, where in a sense he's asking you to do it and telling you to do it and making you want to do it. . . .

McGEE: In civilian life, it is still rare for whites to take orders from Negroes, particularly in the South. . . .

CAPTAIN MAVROUDIS: There are lots of Southern boys in Sergeant Larry's platoon that possibly in civilian life would resent working for a Negro, but when we're out in the field, which is almost all the time, people go beyond the color barrier.

PRIVATE FAIRCLOTH: It doesn't seem to bother anyone to take orders from him. Nobody in the field—they don't think nothing about it. I've never heard a sling thrown at him because he is of the Negro race.

Well, this isn't exactly (or necessarily) rubbish. But it surely isn't news, either, that the Army gives a fair shake to the Negro—although there are doubtless a small number of grown people in this country who keep insisting that the Negro is the victim of some gigantic military-sociological plot to shanghai him out of his ghetto, stuff him into an olive-drab uniform, and pack him off below decks to Samarkand or Southeast Asia to die for White America. For a number of years it hasn't been exactly a secret that the American military is a pretty good way station for the American Negro—at one point, I think, Daniel Patrick Moynihan Himself was saying that one ought to *encourage* the Negro to go into the military—but then, for much the same sort of reasons, so is the backfield of the Detroit Lions, and one would think that the implications of *that* sort of Manhood syndrome would be a good deal to the point than any self-comforting talk about how, white or black, it's all the sweet same at the bottom of the pile-up.

McGEE: Until now, there's been a belief Negro soldiers lacked courage. . . .

LIEUTENANT UNGER: On the subject of the courage of the Negro soldier, there's been a lot written that they did not measure up to the courage commonly found in the white soldier . . . A man is a man and each one has his own fears . . . and I think you get just as many white cowards as you get black cowards. And you get just as many black heroes as you get white heroes.

McGEE: The officers above Larry and the men beneath him have seen him under fire. There is no more severe test of a man. At such times, buried racial antagonisms might surface. . . .

PRIVATE FAIRCLOTH: You look at 'em . . . and, well, they're just another guy out there, a guy you can bum a cigarette off of if you're out, or get a drink of water if you're out, or a can of food. Everything is share and share alike.

McGEE: Arkansas [Faircloth] grew up where Negroes must drink from separate fountains. Today he drinks from the same canteen cup. I wondered how the folks back home would feel about that.

PRIVATE FAIRCLOTH: Most of them would think it was the most terrible thing in the world, you know. They come over here and spend a couple of months, they'd learn it, too. . . .

SPECIALIST 4TH CLASS HAWKINS: After you're with them so long, you're not looking at a man's color. You're looking at his intentions and his job and what he's doing.

What made much of this (and there was a lot of it) so appalling was that on its own terms it wasn't wrong; if a white soldier says that when he's out on patrol he doesn't worry about the color of a man's skin, not only is it probably true but it (Continued on page 107)

The New Pictures

by John G. Morris
Picture Editor
of the New York Times

*Blood and Gore
for breakfast . . .*

It was the afternoon of January 11th, and the pews of the Madison Avenue church were filled with men and women who sat with the awkwardness of infrequent visitors. They had come to pay their respects. Twisting his round collar so that it looked oddly square, the minister said:

"Today we mourn the passing of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is a loss we shall lament for unfulfilled weeks to come. *Life* and *Look* have sent these beautiful flowers, and shall be on hand to greet you after the service. We also have a message from a Mr. Hefner in Chicago, who wishes to say there will be a separate observance there late this evening at 1340 North State. . . .

"My good friends in publishing, it is truly a time for searching our souls. You will hear a lot of talk that picture magazines are dead. 'Long live the tube,' they say. 'Especially the color tube.'

"I shall not say amen. But my silence is fraught with fear. For there are inescapable odors in the press: the mild odor of the bland; the pervasive smell of the stale; the rank stench of the phoney. . . ."

At this point a child cried. What, in God's name, was a child doing here?

1968, generally speaking, was a good year to forget. It was a year of blood on every hand. Blood from U.S. bombs and Russian rockets in villages far away; blood from billy clubs on the streets; blood of the assassinated. Were Bobby and Che and Martin Luther blood brothers?

It was a year of cynicism. There was the unusual wealth amid the usual hunger; the common greed turned against the common good. What a bore! There were the usual headlines struggling to amplify meaningless debate; there were the usual rhetorical coverlines begging the reader to pick up this magazine or that. What a void! There were

the polls expressing the flipflops of public opinion. Today's hero, tomorrow's heel. Yesterday's wrong, tomorrow's right.

Yes, it was a bitter year. It produced some memorable images: in Saigon, a suspect is executed in front of the camera and the pictures shock the world. In Prague, the pictures show young patriots defying tanks, and the heart of freedom skips a beat. In Biafra, a child's bloated belly and skeletal arms stir humanity's guilty conscience.

Such skilled and courageous picture reporting, combined with incredibly swift transmission and publication, transported the chaotic





scene to the comfortable viewer or reader as never before. But the chaos continued and the question lingered, did the pictures make any difference?

If not, why not? Is it a case of saturation? Never has a war been so persistently covered as the interminable struggle in Vietnam. ("Bitter rice" was the title Robert Capa gave his final story, unfinished when he fell there in 1954.) And yet it continues, despite the daily picture budget of maimed mothers and children, naked prisoners at knife point, battle-shocked soldiers and marines. Have the images made us numb?

Indeed, the pictures have *shown* the war, in its endless devastation and unmeasured sacrifice. They have not *explained* it.

This is perhaps too much to ask of the photographers, who after all can shoot only what they are permitted to witness.

It is not too much to ask of editors. Theirs is the task of telling the whole truth, despite the obsolete boundaries of nation and ideology. And despite the invisible cloak of unrecognized censorship, at home as well as abroad.

For it is the pictures that are *prevented* that might spell the difference in public understanding. The

secret discussions of the last Administration were at least photographed, by a talented White House photographer; when the pictures were released the captions gave little hint of their significance. (The present Administration doesn't even believe in this kind of photography, so the caption problem no longer arises.)

Ours is a "free" but far from open society. Most of the crucial doors are closed to the photographer—in Congress, in court and corporation, in diplomacy and the U.N. Try even to make the locker room of Vince Lombardi.

And pictures so often lie. The posed handshake conveys the exact opposite of the conflict just adjourned. The man with the money goes out the back door.

Photographers have unfortunately been conditioned by editors to bring back the wrong picture when it was impossible to make the "right" one. When the numb survivors of the Andrea Doria returned to New York some press photographers on the pier asked them to wave like happy idiots. "Leave lousy enough alone" is not a bad rule.

And yet there are signs of hope. Some of the same major newspapers that passed up Malcolm Browne's picture of the burning Buddhist monk as unfit for the breakfast table of 1963 decided to print, in 1968, Eddie Adam's almost equally revolting Saigon execution picture.

Editors also kept their cool, with notable exceptions, in handling the 1968 story of civil commotion, from the campuses to the "King riots" to Chicago.

A sympathetic portrait, as a good defense lawyer knows, may save a man from the electric chair. Globally speaking, this principle may have applied in 1968 to two nations, Czechoslovakia and Biafra. Had their pictures not gotten out, in the very nick of time, both might have disappeared. Out of sight, out of mind.

So perhaps it is fortunate that early in 1969 the entire world sat for a portrait, over the rim of the moon.

"Just one more?" Who says the photographer doesn't have the last word? ■

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BIG BROTHER WILL NOT BE WATCHING ME

by Elmer W. Lower
President of ABC News

*So TV coverage of violence is a threat to our society and should be censored?
To Hell I say!*

As the OPC prematurely enters a decade, quarters of government, the private sector and even—believe it or not—communications media have raised a not-too-gentle chorus which calls for burying the freedom of the broadcast news media.

Admittedly, the sixties weren't the gentlest of times. We had war, famine, pestilence, fire and a few horsemen the ancients didn't conceive of. But even an ostrich—contrary to popular fiction—doesn't hide his head in the sand when faced with danger. Why then, should a few responsible members of the community suddenly see a threat in the medium which informed them about the hazards of their world instead of seeing the threat in the hazards themselves?

In the aftermath of television coverage of the Vietnam War, we have had domestic racial strife and the Democratic Convention disorders in Chicago, and heard cries for increased control of television news. Theories from the media oracles have pointed with alarm at the TV camera.

There already is ample control of television news of course—in the Soviet Union, in Communist China, in Hungary, in Poland, in Cuba and in a long, dreary list of nations whose peoples can be described only as captive. And there is control in some not-so-captive nations, too. France, for one, is a nation where government control of television newsmen led to a mini-revolt in the heart of the wider student revolt last year.

I don't wish to suggest that my colleagues and I are on the verge of revolting, but then, no one has told us what to say and how to say it—*yet*.

We hear from a minority of our print-press brothers that we have "gone too far," that television news must be "supervised." They are disinclined to use the word censorship—that can apply to them, too, can't it? But they are rather free with the word "supervise." Supervision, of course, is a sophistry for a little censorship. And a little censorship, to borrow another cliché, is like a little pregnancy.

It was no accident that the Prague television station was the first place the Russian troops went last August

when they invaded Czechoslovakia to stifle the rumblings of freedom in Eastern Europe. And after they had stilled that voice, they sent their censors to the newspaper and magazine offices.

I wonder how these newspaper supporters of "supervision" would feel if the same "supervisors" who oversaw the output of television newsmen decided to do a little "supervising" of the newspaper writers who were daring to criticize those "supervised" newscasts.

There are those who argue that the First Amendment guarantees freedom of the press, and I fully agree. But I do not agree that the Founding Fathers meant that a type of mechanical gadget was to be unfettered when they wrote, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. . . ."

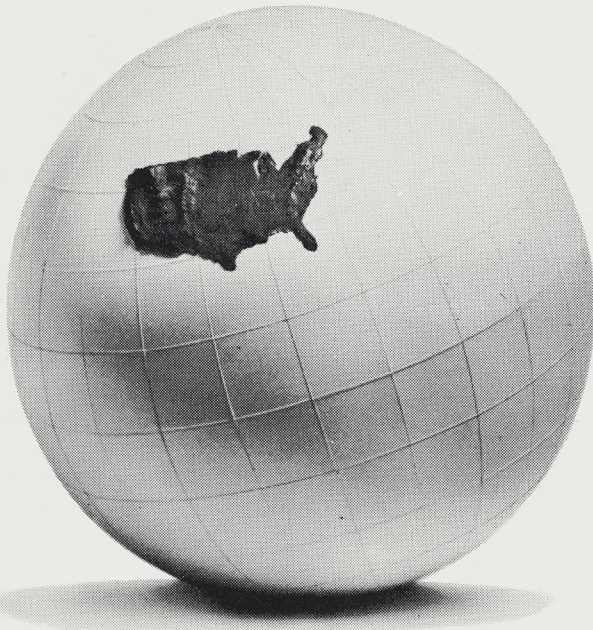
The free-press concept was dramatically brought into American tradition in 1735, a generation before the American Revolution, when newspaper-publisher John Peter Zenger was sued for libel for criticizing the administration in the colony of New York. Zenger won his case, and that decision is generally believed to have marked the establishment of America's free press. Obviously, it was not Zenger's machinery, but his journalism that had been on trial and that had been acquitted. Electronic media had not even been dreamed of in 1735—14 years before Benjamin Franklin flew his celebrated kite.

Just as our Constitution has been construed as a flexible, organic document and has grown with our nation, so must the specific concept of freedom of the press grow to meet the media expansion and innovation of the last third of the twentieth century. It is inconceivable that there could be one set of ground rules for newspapers and news magazines and another for television journalism.

The dying Sixties have not brought us a Zenger case in broadcast journalism (thank God). Hopefully it will not be necessary to undergo that anguish in the upcoming Seventies. Despite the chorus incanting "supervision, supervision, supervision," it seems to me that the tradition of free journalism, uncensored by government

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or private bodies, is firmly enough established in both the written and unwritten laws of our society.

And yet, I receive letters, occasionally from surprising sources, inquiring, "What right did you have to put on such-and-such a report?" My reply is usually another question, "What right did I have *not* to put it on?"

We newsmen take no formal oath, like the physicians' Hippocratic Oath. Yet, I believe, there is an implied oath in our business and it is—to slip into a hoary, but true, cliché—to hold a mirror up to our times.

We have done that. And what we have told has not always been pretty during the expiring Sixties. Many areas of our society and our world are now in turmoil. It's easy for some to seek out as the scapegoat the medium which informs the nation of this turmoil and they blame all problems on it. But I'm sure no one thinks that the rebellion of youth, the tensions in our ghettos and the ferment in other areas of American life and the wars and conflicts overseas will go away, even if we stopped broadcasting *all* news programs tomorrow.

Television journalism reached maturity at a most difficult time in the nation's and the world's history. In addition, broadcasting is a federally-regulated industry because the air waves we use belong to the public. We are an attractive target for those who would rather hide from today than deal with today.

The war in Vietnam, the civil-rights movement, the violence accompanying the Democratic Convention in Chicago and—most recently—the disruptions of scores of American college campuses have all been covered by television, just as they have been covered by newspapers and magazines. They were not created by television any more than they were by those printed organs of communication. Yet, to hear some of our critics speak, there would be no war, no civil-rights struggle, no confrontations at Chicago and no troubles on campuses had we broadcasters not created all these things. I believe our critics attribute to us far more power than we possess.

In all of these controversial events, we television newsmen at ABC—and I'm sure the same applies for the other networks—have taken great pains to keep the medium from becoming part of the story. We have avoided causing incidents, whether it be on the battlefield, in the ghetto, in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel or on a beleaguered college campus. In fact, some of the more militant college students have excluded television cameras from their sit-ins and other demonstrations. If we were the cause of these events, we would hardly be excluded by the very persons we are frequently accused of "creating" through our coverage.

Some of our critics claim that by reporting on the war in Vietnam, television news departments are conditioning the American people to accept war and bloodshed as part of our modern way of life. Still other critics contend that these same reports are making pacifists and anti-war activists of our viewers.

It is obvious we can't be doing both simultaneously. I think we are doing neither: that it is the war itself which is making these changes; if, in fact, any changes are really being made.

I just wonder what these critics, these self-appointed "supervisors" would have us do? Ignore the war in

Vietnam? That, certainly, would be an abject abdication of our responsibility to the millions of Americans who get most of their news from television.

You can just imagine what would happen to television's stock with viewers if it ignored major stories because they might be construed as being unpleasant. It would make the credibility gap look like a wrinkle.

Not to report a legitimate story, controversial or not, is an abdication of responsibility. I'm sure few of our critics in the press would hesitate to report a controversial story. Such an action—or inaction, to be more accurate—is a violation of that implied oath of ours and it flies in the face of the spirit of the First Amendment. For that right to unfettered journalism carries with it an obligation, as most rights do. Our obligation, of course, is to exercise that freedom and tell the American people what is happening and why.

Sometimes it appears that the would-be "supervisors" are merely trying to scare us broadcasters, to threaten in the hope that we will censor ourselves. Well, as insidious as censorship may be from the outside, it is equally odious from within. I don't think we broadcasters can surrender our Constitutionally guaranteed freedom because of intimidation.

After 36 years as a newsman, I would not like to see an untrained bureaucrat—or even a trained bureaucrat—telling us what we can or cannot put on the *ABC Evening News with Frank Reynolds*. And I'm sure that even the rawest cub reporter with 36 hours as a newsman would resent some "supervisor" telling him what he could or could not report.

We television newsmen are not hiding behind the First Amendment any more than our newspaper and magazine brothers are. That amendment was written for the protection of a free, open, democratic society, not to insure our continued employment.

Some critics claim television newsmen dwell on violence to such an extent that we ignore other, legitimate news stories. Presumably their "supervisors" would have us marching peacefully into the Seventies, covering the peaceful stories and ignoring the violent ones.

I doubt we could honestly do less about the violent stories of our times. Concerned with our alleged disproportionate coverage of violent events, I surveyed all ABC News coverage from September 1, 1967, to August 30, 1968.

Now, during this period there was a war in Southeast Asia, racial strife shook several of our cities, two of our national leaders were assassinated, Soviet troops invaded Czechoslovakia, crimes were committed, acts of sabotage and reprisals shook the Middle East, revolutions overthrew governments and a civil war took a horrible toll in Nigeria and Biafra.

A sad litany and a sadder commentary on our times. And what did bloodthirsty broadcasters do? Did they pander to blood lust? Did they fill your screens with the dead and the dying, with horror and tragedy?

Our survey revealed that 91 percent of the stories we reported on had nothing to do with violence. Of the remaining nine percent which did deal with violence, the actual depiction of acts of violence on the home screen was extremely rare. (Continued on page 111)

Where, Oh, Where Is Black TV?

by Lawrence Pinkham

Associate Professor of the Columbia School of Journalism

Where, Oh, where do you think?

It has now been nearly a year since the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders cited white racism as the prime cause of racial conflict in America and set forth a series of proposals amounting to a kind of domestic Marshall Plan to reunite a deeply divided nation.

Much has been said and written about the commission's recommendations, but little has been done. However unfortunate this general inaction may be, it takes on overtones of irony when one considers that the commission's recommendations for the media—particularly the proposals relating to television—were inadequate in the first place.

In a single chapter devoted to the media in its report, the commission set forth a series of proposals—assignment of newsmen on a regular basis to cover the ghetto, more Negro broadcasters appearing regularly on television, workable guidelines for responsible riot coverage, an Institute of Urban Communications to provide education and research. But even if all these proposals are put into effect—and they must be—they will not be sufficient to make a serious impact on a nation wracked by its deepest social crisis since the Civil War.

If real results are to be obtained, the roles of the media—and particularly of television—must be approached with the same sense of urgency, the same recognition of the need for extraordinary action, that the report evinced when it addressed itself to employment, housing, and education.

It is generally conceded that television is meant to serve the public whose airwaves it is licensed to use. This concept is codified in the Federal Communications Act, and is enforced, in theory at least, by the Federal Communications Commission. Moreover, there is a growing school of thought that maintains that use of all media is a right guaranteed by the First Amendment.

In practice, however, service to the public has been narrowly defined. Emphasis has been placed on the presentation of news, on the showing of an occasional documentary, and on the offering—usually in slack viewer time—of programs devoted to religion or education, lumped together in a category vaguely defined as “public affairs.”

No matter how well intentioned this approach may be, it is far too limited to deal with the problems of a racially divided nation. Under the best of circumstances, it can do no more than provide a fragmented view of “the degradation, misery and hopelessness” (in the words of the report) of life in American ghettos.

To make a true contribution to the betterment of the black community and to work toward eventual transformation of the society as a whole, television must move beyond these limiting journalistic concepts and devote large amounts of time to programming *of, by, and for* the black community. (This is not to say that white communities do not need this kind of programming, or that they are currently getting it. It is simply that the worst of the nation's evils today reside in its ghettos and

the ghettos are more in need of immediate help.)

For the sake of argument, it might be suggested that the amount of time devoted to this type of programming in the black community be calculated on a scale proportionate to the place of the Negro in the nation's population. On a national level, this would mean that 10 percent of *all* programming on *all* networks would originate in, and be designed to aid, the nation's black communities.

On a local level—based on 1965 estimates of the Negro population of the country's thirty largest cities—it would mean that stations in Washington, D.C., would devote 66 percent of all available time to programming aimed specifically at the ghetto. Stations in four other cities (Atlanta, Memphis, Newark, New Orleans) would each devote more than 40 percent. In five cities (Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis) the time required of each station would be more than 30 percent. In seven others (Chicago, Cincinnati, Dallas, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Pittsburgh) it would be more than 20 percent. And seven more (Boston, Buffalo, Columbus, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, New York, San Francisco) would be above the national average of 10 percent.

This may not be a practicable yardstick, but in a nation in which, by the testimony of the report, the media address themselves solely to a white audience, it has implications worth considering.

No less important than the amount of time allotted to this type of programming is the fact that it must be controlled not by whites but by residents of the ghetto themselves. They must be provided with all possible assistance to help them get on the air, with equipment and personnel placed at their disposal. But decisions as to what is shown and who appears must be left solely to them.

In the minds of many, this will raise the perennial question of who is a "responsible" Negro, of who, in a given community, can speak with legitimate authority for the black man. This question derives from attempts by whites who currently write news to avoid giving air time to "leaders" they suspect have little or no real following. As such it has no relevance to the kind of programming discussed here. The Negro, *any* Negro, can speak for himself if given the chance. There will undoubtedly be militants, even revolutionaries, among those who appear, and they will undoubtedly say things white Americans do not like to hear. Yet they, like others, must be allowed to state their views. That is no more than simple adherence to principles of democracy and freedom of speech.

It also must be understood that programming of this type should not consist solely of individuals expressing "views." Content should be varied and should take into account all aspects of community life. Organizations ranging from groups with broad political programs to those concerned with life on a single block can be shown pursuing their daily activities. There can be entertainment and social events, explanation of services available from federal, state, and local agencies, instruction in such basic matters as health, hygiene, and the extermination of rats, information on jobs and instruction in skills

required to obtain them. There can be two-way telephone hookups in which ghetto residents can express grievances to, and receive answers from, appropriate local officials whose faces can be seen and whose sincerity can be judged. There can be discussion of Negro thought, history, and culture, which, as the report notes, the media have traditionally ignored.

Wherever possible, this type of programming should be live. Remote units should be utilized and production centers should be established in store fronts throughout the black community. Among other benefits flowing from the establishment of local centers would be the creation of interest among Negro youth, who would be given an opportunity to learn production skills and who would eventually take over responsibility for getting programs on the air.

Editing should be avoided. The tone should be relaxed, and the viewer should feel he is a participant in the events unfolding on the screen.

At the outset, programming of this kind would draw its largest audience from, and be of most benefit to, the Negro community itself. Eventually, whites would begin to watch, and the demonstrated fact that Negroes in pursuit of their daily lives are human beings like everyone else might help reduce stereotyped thinking and contribute to understanding between the races.

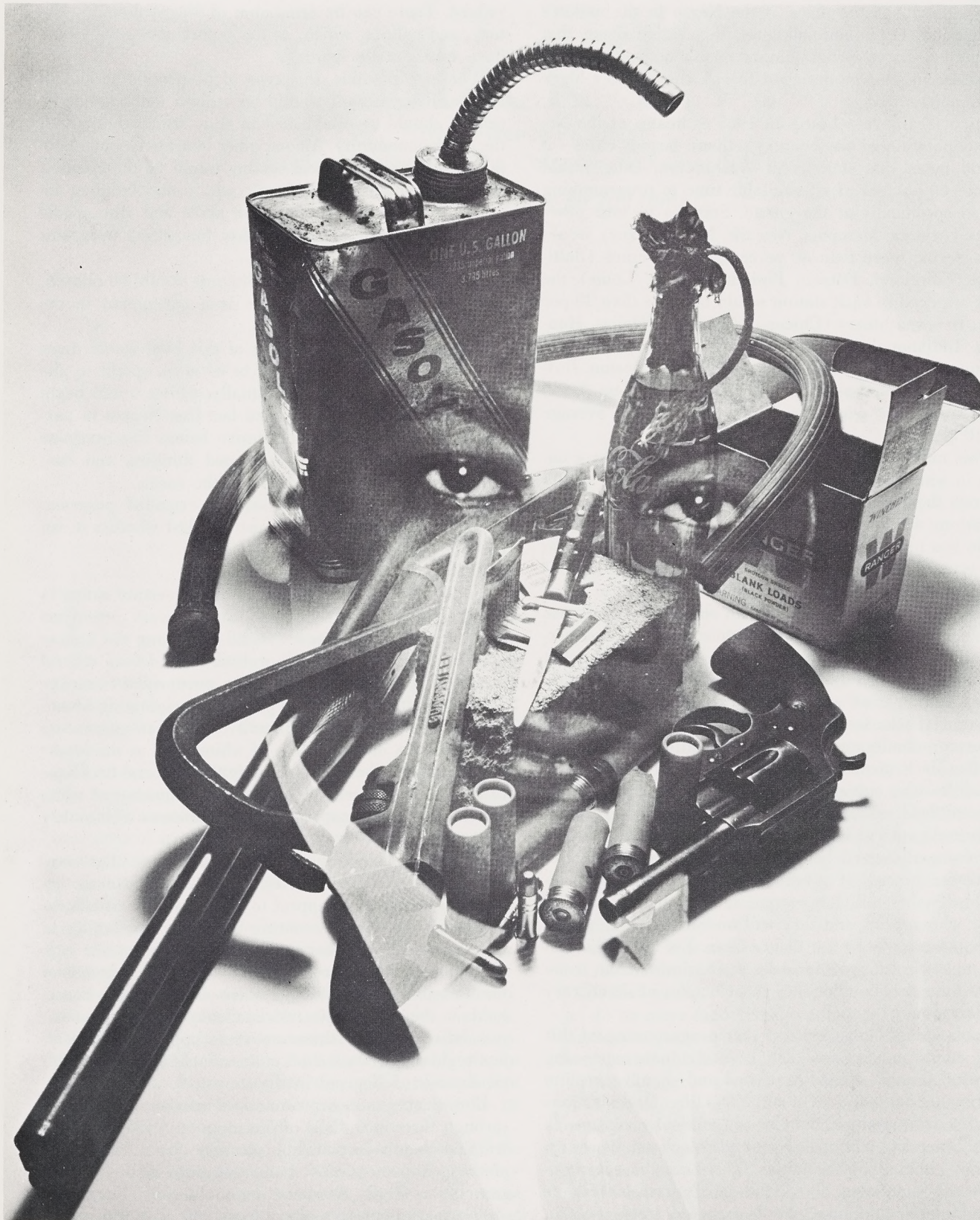
In considering how this sort of extended programming can be achieved, one must ask first whether it can be done by commercial television.

To ask the question is to answer it.

Nationally and locally, commercial television is tied to the necessity to make a profit, and network presidents and local station managers would be among the first to agree that it would be unprofitable to devote several evenings of prime time and large portions of Saturday and Sunday, every week, to programs originating in and produced by the black community. American purchasing power resides in the pockets of whites, and as the report itself implies, advertisers, who are the financial backbone of commercial television, insist on the showing of white programs that will appeal to white audiences with money to spend.

Indeed, a strong argument can be made that commercial television, with its reliance on revenue from advertising designed to appeal to consumers in an affluent society, is by its very nature a force contributing to violence and social disruption rather than a force capable of enhancing the public good. By the estimate of the Census Bureau, 87.7 percent of nonwhite households in the nation have television sets. And on the commercial channels of these sets there appear with relentless regularity sixty-second enticements beyond the wildest dreams of Negroes in the slums:

Corpulent men—corpulent *white* men—saw their way through three-inch slabs of filet mignon while languidly winging their way to exotic pleasure spots. Exquisitely clothed women—*white* women—caress the gleaming contours of slowly revolving automobiles and suggest in supple tones that possession of one will open the way to manhood and undefined but clearly identifiable pleasure. In the world of the television commercial, there is not



even a bank that will not force money into your pocket if you so much as approach its door.

A little less than \$3 billion worth of conscious illusion is flashed before the American viewer each year, and for those who are within reach of at least some of the products advertised, the illusion is supportable. For those who are not, for those who, when the set goes dark, are still caught in the doomed cycle of poverty and blocked escape, the illusion becomes merely a taunting frustration.

Marshall McLuhan has said that the medium is the message, and in a certain context he is quite probably right. But as a colleague of mine has so aptly put it, the *message* is also the message, and the message of commercial television, conveyed to the Negro viewer even in the middle of news programs and documentaries, is that the Good Life is possible through the possession and consumption of products—products, he is told, he has every right to want, even, in the subliminal language of the successful commercial, products he has every right to have.

Little wonder that anger grows—anger and hatred and the unarguable conclusion that the only way the Negro can get what he is supposed to want, indeed what he is told so subtly he is supposed to have, is to cop for himself.

In this sense, disorder and looting are in fact a kind of corrupted aspiration, an attempt, however chaotic and destructive, to respond to the enticements with which the Negro is bombarded, day in and day out, and turn the illusion, in whatever way he can, into reality.

Commercial television must be made to perform as responsibly as it can within its given profit structure, and efforts to achieve socially productive programming must focus on an alternative.

This alternative exists, but there is nothing in the report to suggest that the commission had any awareness of it. Even the chapter specifically devoted to the media makes no mention of it, either directly or by implication. Yet, as an instrument for bringing about the kind of fundamental change the commission deems necessary, it is clearly one of the nation's most valuable, and least used, assets.

I refer to what has come to be called, in the language of the Carnegie Commission report of 1967, Public Television. Its growth has been arduous, but it now exists on a local level in the form of 158 noncommercial stations capable of reaching about 85 percent of the nation's population, with nearly all of this audience concentrated in urban areas.

Public television, unlike its commercial counterpart, has plenty of time at its disposal, and its noncommercial structure frees it from the necessity to assault the viewer's consciousness with counterproductive advertising.

What it does not have is money.

At least a score of public television stations are already producing programs that deal with problems cited in the report. Many of them—WQED in Pittsburgh, WCET in Cincinnati, and KCTA in Minneapolis, for example—plan, or are already engaged in, the kind of locally controlled programming discussed above. But a

lack of funding has limited these efforts to an hour, or a few hours, each week. If these programs are to be expanded, and others like them are to be undertaken on a scale that will make them as effective national force, funds will be required in amounts that only the Congress can provide.

The machinery by which these funds can be channeled to local stations exists in the form of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, established by Congress in November, 1967, at the request of the President. The intent of the act that brought the corporation into being is to establish noncommercial broadcasting as a cohesive force in American life. Among other things, the legislation empowers the corporation to grant money to help existing stations and to facilitate the opening of new ones. It also charges the corporation with the responsibility to recommend a plan for long-range financing from all sources, public and private, free of government control.

The \$9 million specified in the act to get the corporation going in its first year was never appropriated. It was requested in the budget of the current fiscal year, but only \$5 million was actually voted. Similarly, a sum of \$10.5 million earmarked for construction of facilities in the first year was canceled, despite the fact that it would have made possible the opening of thirty new stations. It was then requested that \$12.5 million be provided for the purpose this year. A skimpy \$4.375 million was voted, however, and no new stations were opened.

The mood of the Congress is clear. It is one thing to vote a Corporation for Public Broadcasting into being and empower the President to appoint a board. It is quite another, particularly with the dollar under severe pressure at home and abroad and a costly war in progress, to provide the funds necessary to make that corporation more than a palliative gesture in the direction of the Public Good.

Foundations and private organizations aware of the importance of public broadcasting have sought to help. The Carnegie Corporation and the Columbia Broadcasting System donated \$1 million apiece to stimulate new programming. At best, these sums are meager in proportion to the need.

In its 1967 report, on which the act is based, the Carnegie Commission stated that operation of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting "will require from Federal funds approximately \$40 million in its first year and \$60 million a year in the following years, allowing for a moderately rapid buildup." Since that time it has become clear that even a "moderately rapid buildup" will be insufficient to meet the needs of a nation so deeply divided.

In the summary of its findings, the President's Advisory Commission states:

"The major need is to generate new will—the will to tax ourselves to the extent necessary to meet the vital needs of the nation."

Unfortunately the commission failed to put pressure on Congress to generate that will on behalf of public broadcasting which, given the means, could play a primary role in the struggle to achieve a just society. ■

Making The War Worse Than It Is

by Dr. John McLaughlin
Associate Editor of America Magazine

The hazards of stretching the facts in Vietnam

The major problem with reporting the war is the problem of perspective. Is there too much reliance on mud-and-blood combat footage? Is there too much unrelated, indistinguishable and vague detail? Are there too few stand-uppers of the Eric Sevareid variety attempting to define what is being tried and accomplished in the war, and how the daily litany of casualties, bombing missions, and unpronounceable place names relate to background, history of the people, causes, and overall war aims?

My visit to Vietnam coincided almost exactly with the VC resumption of rocket strikes and their sporadic Saigon perimeter attacks after a two months' lull. On August 22 the VC gunners slammed twenty Russian-made rockets blindly into Saigon, rockets of the 122 mm. kind, which are reportedly the heaviest and most destructive in the enemy arsenal. I was quartered in the center of the city when the most direct hits of the assault occurred. Two rockets struck the National Assembly Building, situated between two luxury hotels in the heart of Saigon, the Continental where Graham Greene lived for a year while writing his novel *The Quiet American*, and the Caravelle, which houses the ABC and CBS offices. Another rocket hit close to the Oscar Hotel, also in the middle of the city, and about two blocks from where I was staying.

Reporter David Culhane of CBS described the early morning rocket attack as "sounding like the whole world was coming apart," and CBS cameras graphically recorded the strewn glass, bricks, metal and sections of galvanized tin roofing blown off the parliament building. Tony Sargent of CBS reported on a Japanese correspondent who was killed by flying shrapnel. The cameras drained from the scene all its living (and dying) color, relentlessly fixing on the correspondent's oozing blood, a neighbor's curious face, a woman overcome with grief, the doctor massaging the newsman's chest, and, mercifully, the arrival of the jeep ambulance. Sargent's accompanying prose was a vivid and at the same time an overheated journalese.

What Sargent did not stress was that the rocket that killed the newsman miraculously spent its fury on an eight story garage next to the Oscar, that only one person was killed, and that there were none seriously injured. What Culhane did not stress was that the damage done to the parliament building was not nearly as serious as his edited footage suggested. In fact the building was used routinely the same day.

Both reports left one with the impression that Saigon was paralyzed by the VC assault. In plain fact, however,

life and business in Saigon went on that day almost exactly as usual. I visited both these locations, and others, shortly after noon. There were no crowds, no traffic detours, no disruptions of commerce. Even the Christian Brothers' School, for example, which that same night underwent its third rocket strike, had no change in its class schedule. I do not wish to minimize the horror of the shellings. My point is that they must be seen in perspective. Horrible as they were, in no sense did they immobilize the city, as the Culhane-Sargent reports suggested, nor did they mark the beginning of a third, major offensive of the order of magnitude of the Tet assault, as the AP alarmingly intimated.

More important, what the CBS correspondents failed to do was relate these events in any meaningful way to the larger context of the war. This could have been done had they simply stood before the camera and read the report of their own Bureau Chief. This report, incidentally, is sent daily to the United States by the Saigon Bureau Chief with each day's Vietnam film. The report is privately circulated to fourteen executives and producers at CBS radio and television—the radio news chief, foreign news manager, director of public affairs, the president of CBS news and the producers of the Cronkite program, the Roger Mudd show, the morning news with Joe Benti, and Harry Reasoner's Sunday night news. This daily analysis, culled from the observation of CBS's on-the-scene legmen and other first-rate sources, is the CBS bible as to what actually happened during the preceding 24 hours.

The following is what the CBS Saigon Bureau Chief, Dan Bloom (just recently transferred to CBS's London office), logged on August 22, slightly abbreviated: "The attacks on cities and towns on the southern part of Vietnam have increased in intensity and audacity, but it is still unwise to characterize them as the beginning of a so-called third offensive. The missing element is large-scale coordinated ground attacks. So far the enemy has not employed anything resembling battalion-sized forces. The Saigon attack was in three major areas, but the most impressive, of course, was in the downtown area. The National Assembly Building was hit twice, and the concussion broke windows in the Caravelle and Continental Palace Hotel. None of these attacks were followed up by ground attacks. Nevertheless the attacks are very significant: the comparative killed-in-action figures (1,108 enemy vs. 88 United States) indicate the senselessness of these attacks from a military point of view and strongly suggest that a motive other than military must be read into the attacks."

This is journalism at its best, a balanced record and assessment of events. But the program itself failed to hold the events in a similar perspective, despite Walter Cronkite's preliminary caution before the Culhane-Sargent segments that "it's still too early to tell" whether the enemy attacks signal a third offensive. It may be true, as Nick Archer, director of personnel at ABC says, that "If you look at television long enough you get the whole picture," even though "one story, one day with limited time on the air and restricted focus may be off the mark."

But people do not always catch shows on successive nights. Rather, they may accidentally watch a series of reports of exclusively combat footage which can lead to errors of impression. It doesn't take much time or effort to insert a sentence or clause into the script, and a half-minute's film sequence into the footage to prevent distortion. Televised news is so important (the majority of Americans rely on it as their chief news supply and regard it as the most credible of sources) that every news show, taken individually, should be balanced.

Comparing the coverage of the war by the Associated Press with that of CBS (the two most looked at U.S. news agencies) during the week that I was in Vietnam. I would invidiously note that CBS looked better. Throughout that week, the AP kept building its stories to suggest that we were on the threshold of a third offensive, like Tet. They kept making judgments of a quasi-military nature, and the tone of their pieces was too persistently lacking in restraint. The competition between the line services—the AP and UPI chiefly—becomes at times almost frenzied. They must vie with each other for acceptance by hundreds of foreign editors of newspapers who decide what to put on the front page. The inclination on the part of the agencies, therefore, is to sensationalize in order to win the acceptance of the editors. The television journalist does not face quite the same measure of intense competitiveness.

Despite my reservations on CBS and AP journalists, in my view the current CBS Cronkite program is the most interesting and reliable of the television news shows, and the AP is the more generally trustworthy and accurate of the American line services. Also, after visiting Vietnam, I cannot but stand in awe of the dedication of the journalists in the war theater and indeed of their valor. My concern here is with the radical effect of their communications, nationally and internationally. Because there is so much at stake, what journalists say and what they film must be gauged by the most exacting standards of professionalism and public service. ■

GOSH, WAR IS HELL

by Peter Arnett

Saigon Bureau of the Associated Press

*So quit blaming us veteran Vietnam reporters.
Nobody's perfect for goodness sake*

SAIGON—One consequence of having stayed in Vietnam covering the war for the past six and one half years is that you can no longer be accurately labeled an inexperienced, sensation-seeking youngster out for journalistic fame. Now you are at least an old sensation-seeker, out for journalistic fame.

Not that anyone is doing the labeling anymore. Like Madame Nhu, a dozen Saigon governments, 51 Vietnamese generals and military victory, most of the nasty epithets tossed in the direction of the Vietnam press corps have faded into history, our critics mellowed by the passage of years.

The mellowness was reflected just the other day by *Time's* Dick Clurman, who told to V.I.P.'s of industry he was showing around Vietnam: "Listen carefully to the Saigon press corps, it has always been right."

Not only were we sitting in the once notorious Caravelle Hotel at the time, but present was the old warhorse Charlie Mohr of the *Times*, whose Vietnam odyssey has continued as long as the one Homer wrote about, and he has endured as much. Charlie permitted a smile to flit across his face.

We can never figure out over here what our critics were all fussing about, anyway. Our business is facts, and they have been constantly ugly because Vietnam is an ugly place. The only sweetness and light here is what you buy at the PX.

The press corps could not have saved the Diem Regime even if Mal Browne had thrown away his picture of the burning monk and we had all lined up solidly behind General Harkins and Ambassador Nolting. So we plug on.

There are regrets, but not for any of the words we have written. They were carved out firsthand from where things happened, and only God can change what has

happened. Only God, himself.

We regret that the fun has gone out of the great adventure, that most of the world is bored with the Vietnam story, and that nature is taking her inexorable course.

Remember how your ankle twinged the last time you leaped from a helicopter, how the GI's looked at you and your receding hairline like you should be back at the base supply section with the rest of the oldies?

And then there are all those inexperienced, sensation-seeking youngsters out for journalistic fame creeping up on you, snapping at your heels. It's time to go, you keep saying. Mert Perry claims he likes it in Chicago. Johnny Apple survived the reentry process into the U.S. But then again, what's the hurry? If Joe Fried can stand it, you can too. And Jack Foisie claims that it takes three wars to get the right perspective. He should know. So you stay.

The intractable nature of the Vietnam War seems to have rubbed off on members of the press corps. I have always been perplexed by the frequent references to us as a kind of monolithic word machine spewing out the news flavor of the month.

This gives no recognition to the rich diversity of viewpoint and character. The passage of the years has not made us homogeneous. We didn't get along particularly famously with each other in the Diem era when we numbered a couple of dozen, and we are no more cozy now that there are at least 500.

I include in this singular group those the military are fond of labeling "the hard-core pessimists" who travel the dark side of the Vietnam moon. We tend to travel alone.

Sometimes there are moments of self-doubt. During a conversation with a visiting congressman in mid-February, David Hoffman of the *Washington Post* told me I



was the most pessimistic newsman in Vietnam, and that he knew this because he had polled 100 of his colleagues.

For two days I really thought that maybe I had flipped, that I was reading everything wrong. Then the Communist spring offensive hit, was still going strong a month later, and it was back to the dark side of the moon.

There have been brave attempts to unite us. Beverly Deepe tried it years ago and became a sort of den mother, only to find we were a bunch of wildcats trying to scratch her to death.

Later, someone tried to form a press association. It died in acrimonious debate.

The dictates of the story are just too great in Vietnam to permit togetherness. The days are too demanding. The competition too demanding. The Saigon press stage has always mounted a diverse pageant. There were those making their reputations, and others losing theirs. Some come over to the war to forget a wife, others to find one. There was the hippie type who arrived on a tramp steamer, won a couple of photographic awards, and left on a tramp steamer. We have a French cameraman in a seemingly endless search for the leg he lost at the Battle of Dien Bien Phu. One reporter will come to Vietnam in hopes of drying out, another will be drawn to the cheap booze.

Some are trying carefully to get through their fix and twelve month tour intact, others seem to be looking for the quick martyrdom of a bullet.

There are the Vietnamese newsmen and cameramen who patiently guide the ever-changing list of bureau chiefs and correspondents through the Vietnam quagmire.

And there are the others, most in fact, who belong to the story more than to anything else, going about their business the best way they can.

Looking back over the years, the roughest days were at the beginning when all the elements of the Vietnam story were hostile to a free press—the Diem Government, the Viet Cong, the U.S. Mission. We weren't welcome.

You were allowed on one helicopter operation every three months. There were no briefings. Ngo Dinh Diem was the Churchill of Asia, baby, and you better believe it.

Those were the days the Vietnam press controversy began, and it has been boiling and simmering off and on ever since. Barry Zorthian once told me that if the Vietnam package had been wrapped up neater than the U.S. public would have bought it.

How do you neatly wrap up a schizophrenic family dictatorship, a cauldron spilling over with coups d'état and political upheavals, fat Swiss bank accounts bursting with taxpayers' money, ten thousand, twenty thousand, then thirty thousand American dead, a war cost of thirty billion dollars a year, and promises, promises, promises.

It was not the way it was written in Vietnam that messed up the public image, it was what we had to write about. A Madison Avenue firm was hired in 1962 to sell the Diem regime. That public-relations disaster was omen enough.

We have never felt we must defend what we have written and photographed in Vietnam. While The Associated Press head office in New York has been fighting a magnificent rearguard action to keep the critics off our flanks, the judgement of history is daily being made. Which brings us to the present.

A press critic wrote last year in a column passed around Vietnam military circles, that if we win the Vietnam war the press and Allied media will look foolish, and if we lose the press will just as certainly be blamed. ■

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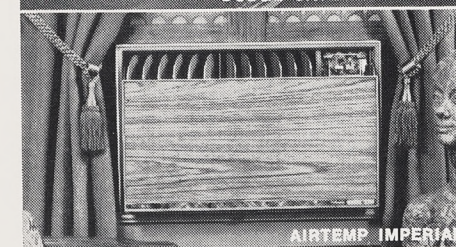
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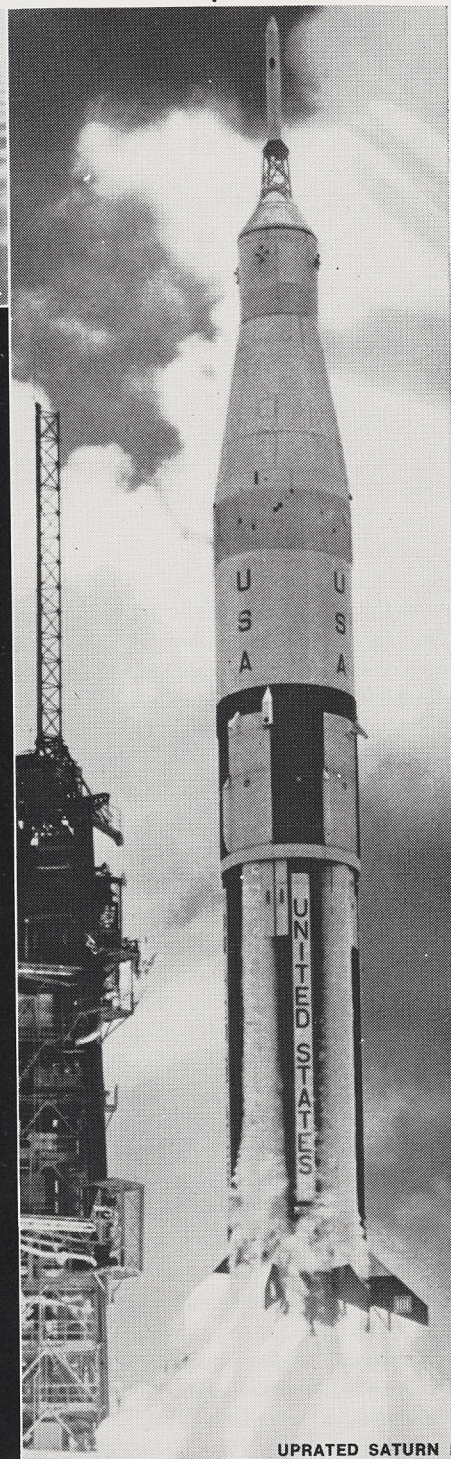


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Take a substandard home and you'll often find a substandard life being led in it. Equitable is trying to break this pattern by helping people get homes they can be proud of. From Seattle, Washington to Houston, Texas to Bedford-Stuyvesant, N.Y., Equitable is investing millions to finance housing where the need is urgent. It's just a beginning of rebuilding our cities. And your help is needed. Look around in your community for projects where you can lend a hand.

Helping people find security has always been Equitable's primary concern. Which is why Equitable has always been a leader in developing insurance plans to protect families better. Today, with the help of a trained Equitable agent, you can get a Living Insurance program tailored to your goals—to help educate your children, pay medical bills, give you a regular income when you retire. In this troubled world, that's how **Equitable offers a corner of security.**



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New York, N. Y. 1969

"A pilot's ready when I'll let my family go up with him."



Captain Chuck Shafer polishes pilots.
He teaches them things they didn't even
know they didn't know.

When a man graduates from our pilot training center in Fort Worth, we turn him over to men like Captain Shafer.

He's the one who decides when they're ready.

Ready to fly for American.

The Captain looks at his job this way:

"By the time they get to me, these guys are pretty good pilots, but I've been in this business at least 20 years longer than any of them.

For instance, they know how to land a plane; I teach them how to bring it in like a big swan.

It's for the extra comfort of the passengers. And that's the bottom line in our business. Give that passenger as smooth a ride as possible."

We don't know anybody who can do Captain Shafer's job better than he can. That's why he has it.

It's the American Way.

Fly the American Way. American Airlines.

Unemployables? Don't be so sure. At one of our plants we hardly hire anyone else.

When you call a man an unemployable you're often saying a lot more about society than you are about him.

He can be a man victimized by organized crime and by industrial prejudice; a man poorly served by the educational, political and social systems under which he must live.

Roxbury, Massachusetts, for instance, was thought by some to be two miles by four miles of unemployables. People who might want to work but who seemingly lacked the skills to find a job, do a job, keep a job.

Avco Economic Systems Corporation set out to establish a profit-making business

staffed from Roxbury's economic ghetto.

Its premise: most human beings will respond to *helping themselves* if given a no-nonsense, honest opportunity.

That was about a year ago.

Today almost 200 men and women from the Roxbury area have responded to this opportunity and are operating a viable, ongoing printing business. And over 1300 more have applied for jobs.

Career jobs. Tough jobs.

Not handouts. This is *not* philanthropy.

This is a business and it gets close to today's nitty gritty question.

Can American business produce to end

poverty?

To help the disenfranchised?

To provide wages for work well done?

And make an honest profit?

Avco believes American business can produce more than goods and services.

Jobs. Good jobs.

Especially for the unemployables.

Because if they work, our world just might work a little better.



Avco Economic Systems Corporation is involved with solving some of the more urgent problems of urban society, including education and training services for the disadvantaged. From aerospace to financial services to leisure time activities, Avco spans 21 of the areas FORBES recently predicted were the growth fields of the future. Avco Corporation, 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. An equal opportunity employer.



A FEW KIND WORDS ABOUT THE UNDER- GROUND PRESS

by Eugene Lyons

Senior Editor of the Readers Digest

*Filthy! Fetid! Commie! Leprous!
Coital! Smut! Cunnilingus! Dung hill
on which no flowers grow*

The weekly tabloid *Screw*, published in New York, is not a hardware trade journal. It calls itself "the Sex Review" and is a shabby, stenchy star in an expanding and in part commercially profitable new journalism—the underground press, so called. Some of its fellow toilers in the lower depths of current youth confusions sport titles like *Rat*, *Seed*, *Point*, *I*, *Connections*, *Avatar*, *Orpheus*. The most flourishing of the accessions to the Fourth Estate—such as the *Los Angeles Free Press* ("Freep" to its addicts, *Berkeley Barb*, the *East Village Other*—have less esoteric names, which may or may not point a business moral.

In fairness it should be underlined that many of the journals often listed as underground really don't belong there. The commie-oriented *Guardian* and the overt communist papers, for instance, which stick to old-style radical patterns. Or the *Village Voice*, which despite its habitat is a liberal-to-conservative neighborhood weekly, is concerned with local politics and the arts. Or *Anvil* in North Carolina, which (as reported in *The Nation*) "shuns vulgarity and tries to present serious political and economic analysis."

The typical underground journalism, the *Rats* and *Screws* that give it its special flavor and odor, is self-righteously, frenziedly vulgar; serious only as hysterics are serious about their fantasy world. Though they may touch on politics (Vietnam) and economics (black ghettos), these papers are primarily hung up on sex in its pathological dimensions; drugs, with emphasis on hallucination; a zeal for violence; and hatred of America. Their hallmarks are obscenely ugly photos and drawings; a compulsive use of the short coital and excretory words; commitments to dope, not simply in a permissive spirit but as a "life style"; and, above all, putrid advertising.

The "underground" press, of course, isn't—except in the sense that gutters and cesspools are below ground level. It is sold on newsstands and in specialized bookshops. One Greenwich Village newsdealer who refused to handle the grubbiest of the papers was picketed in a demonstration organized by their publishers. But *underground* has a forbidden-fruit sound which the enterprise relishes and exploits.

The statistics are largely speculative, since these journals multiply as fast as maggots and die as fast. But the larva is active and births exceed bankruptcies. Two new ones have been announced in New York: *Queen's Quarterly*, "written by gay guys for gay guys," and *New York Review of Sex*, leftist in sentiment and concentrated on dirty pictures. The *Wall Street Journal* has estimated the number as over 50, *Newsweek* as over 150. The entrepreneurs themselves, according to the *New York Times*, claim nearly 200. The total circulation is usually placed at between one and two million. The largest readerships cited, presumably inflated, are 60,000 for the *Barb* and 85,000 for "Freep." Already there are two syndicates serving news, photos and features to large clienteles. Geographically the press is mostly in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Chicago, but hopefuls are published in the Carolinas, Texas, Arizona and elsewhere.

The central hang-up, second only to sex, is cop-baiting

THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF SEX

35¢
OUT OF TOWN 50¢



THE CONTENTS OF THIS PUBLICATION ARE FOR ADULTS ONLY.

in its widest span; a verbal and physical offensive against all law enforcement and authority, governmental, parental, educational, ethical. In the past, dissenters in these areas were selective, accepting some legal and moral restraints, defying others. Today juvenile rebels, to judge by the journalism pandering to them, renounce *all* law, including (in regard to sex and drugs) the laws of nature.

But let's look, in the dwindling space at my disposal, at a few of the papers:

The "*Freep*" comes closest to a newspaper. It actually deals, in its tortured and subjective fashion, with current California and national events. It carries no filthy pictures or drawings. This relative sanity, however, is opened to doubt in the back pages. The classified columns are almost as fetid as in the worst of these journals.

The *Berkeley Barb* skimps on erotic "art" but goes heavy on photographs of police brutality. Its news emphasis is, naturally, on campus violence. A full-page front-page scream-headline, "Berkeley at War," graces the issue before me. But again the relative dearth of the erotic in the text is more than compensated in the advertising pages: highly educational, as befits a university organ. Only an updated Havelock Ellis, or presumably a contemporary undergraduate, would understand it all, since it is couched in the "in" jargon of sick sex.

The most obscene exemplar I have found on the newsstands is *Screw*, which also has a newsletter called *Fondle*. As a law-abiding production, it front-pages a notice that the contents "are neither obscene nor pornog-

raphic according to the guidelines set by the United States Supreme Court"—the most insulting comment on the Court since the Birchites ganged up on Chief Justice Warren. But the editors do have their troubles. Some of the contents, they complain, "have been edited out by a puritanical printer." What will become of freedom of the press if mere printers ignore the Supreme Court?

The *pièce de résistance* in a recent issue of *East Village Other* is a large drawing of an apelike man in the ecstasy of raping a girl-child from the rear while she licks jam from her baby fingers. A special cartoon-comics edition of another paper is nearly all elephantine breasts, buttocks and genitalia. In all of them the six four-letter words until recently excluded from dictionaries befoul every page. In D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce and even Norman Mailer, they are used logically in the context of the narrative. But here they are almost a ritual element—the "amens" of their un-religion—scattered at random, whether relevant or not.

But it is in the classifieds, to which readers are said to turn first, that corruption is most lush. A brief sampling (insofar as it's printable) must suffice, drawn mostly but not entirely from *Barb*.

The prevailing theme is guy-meets-guy, girl-meets-girl, and couples-meet-couples for "collective orgies." Now and then it is boy-meets-girl, and the squares identify themselves, apologetically, as "straight." The varieties of experiences offered or sought include "bi," for bisexual; "three-dimensional," which I am, alas, unable to visualize; "foot hang-up"; "do-it-yourself" techniques; "prostate massage"; cunnilinguism and fallatio;

EAST SIDE SCREW SPOTS, P. 3



sadomasochism, replete with "slave-boys" craving "groovy masters"; "rubber, bondage and discipline"; "B & D," which stumps me; transvestite variants.

A 38-year-old man is looking for "husky male studs." Singles and couples are invited to "erotic parties and orgies." An experienced "backward guy" needs "forward guy." "Male slave" seeks a "domineering woman" (a man, from the context). Another male promises applicants "dirty sex, cages, bondage." "Gay male . . . wants wild slaveboy to domesticate as housepet." A 50-year-old, proudly cosmopolite, asks to hear from "males, females, couples, for French and Greek." A masculine man needs "clean attractive nymphos."

The *East Village Other* captions one of its classified departments "*Flesh Mart*," and the description is literal. The whole business comes down to merchandising flesh, with publishers as madams and procurers. Most of the ads give a box number, and some of the papers are known to charge a dollar or more for transmitting replies to clients; it is suspected, in fact, that many ads are phony, to rake in the dollars.

In other respects, too, the leprous pages are shot through with money motives. A "rich man" tempts some "sophisticated poor girl swinger." Another gal can earn \$50 a month from "an older discreet man." A student offers his virility for cash to finish college. The East Bay Referral Service supplies the sexual wants of "butch guys under 35." A go-getting smut merchant solicits "down-to-earth dirty sex manuscripts, 40,000 words." Homos tired of "lay-and-pay" may inquire about a more economical plan. Consumers are offered "French Tick-

lers" and "Hippie Lipsticks"—sensational novelty, rush \$2.; homosexual, lesbian, bisexual films; male nude photographs and posters; sadomasochist gadgets and deviate manuals. The progress of science is saluted by a firm whose "sex geniuses" have developed a set of "sex toys . . . toys for pain and pleasure" constituting "a remarkable realization of 20th century technology."

To the broad-minded who babble knowingly about this significant "subculture," I recommend an examination of underground press advertising. Alibi-mongers cannot brush aside this garbage, which impregnates the papers with its gamey flavor.

The most revolting part of it, to an unregenerate square, is that the corruption is peddled under the banners of *the revolution* and more specifically a *cultural* revolution. Leafing through this press, one grows nostalgic for the old-fashioned, dirty-postcard pornography. At least it was forthright smut for smut's sake. Now it postures as a rebellion, a crusade, a mission. It offers salvation through deviation, sacrament through excrement.

Once debauchery, drugs, vice were private affairs, the domain of an elite that considered them too good for the masses. Now *Rat* plugs "magic drugs as an ecstatic revolutionary implement." Chicago *Seed* announces a meeting of "the Revolutionary Contingent . . . to discuss the problems of relating to the working class." Not content with drinking hogwash themselves, they want everyone to do so to spite the cola industry.

This press pretends to be "the alternative" to the Establishment magazines and dailies. At an SDS seminar

PLEASURE

March 28 - April 10 Vol.1 No.1 35c



ATTENTION!!
THIS IS ADULT TYPE MATERIAL AND PHOTOGRAPHY. NOT TO BE
SOLD OR READ BY PERSONS UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE.

at the University of Colorado one speaker, Jim Fite, declared that "the only true and free press in our country is the underground press." But simply as journalism it is on the level of the most amateurish small-town weekly, provincial and parochial. Except for Vietnam—and that merely as a club to pummel the U.S.—the world beyond America doesn't exist. Most of the papers are so poorly printed and laid out that one wonders whether they're made for reading at all, or only for viewing, like *Life* magazine.

It is journalism in contempt of immediacy or news—mostly one can't approximate the date from the contents. News here is a full-page treatise in *Rat*, with diagrams, on tactical formations (Skirmisher, Wedge, Diagonal) in fighting Pigs. News is a 15-year-old drug dealer, explaining that a successful merchant must be dedicated to the cause. News is Tim Healy lecturing on "psychedelic hedonism." News is detailed advice on how to evade the draft—consult the commie-fronting National Lawyers Guild when in doubt. News is a man who drops his pants and shorts to emphasize a point. News is nude-ins, pubic hair and outsized genitalia.

And all of it is presented pretentiously, self-righteously, by heralds of a new world who give no hint of what it will be like once the Hippies, Yippies, Crazies, Black Panthers and White Panthers have accomplished their revolution. The newly launched White Panthers proclaimed a "program" that presents their nirvana as a "life-style for kids," and the alternative for our "wierdo world." It included public masturbation, fornication in the streets, and other exploits by "LSD-driven maniacs."

The very fact that the Establishment press has begun to report and analyze its burgeoning rival is a sign of the virulence of the phenomenon. For the most part the conventional dailies and magazines treat the rash seriously and, on the whole, sympathetically.

John Kronenberger in *Newsweek* opines that the underground press "serves as a sounding board for the new mood and (at worst) propagandizes a bit for the coming revolution." He concludes by quoting the editor of the Boston *Avatar* that "sometimes sloppy and silly, often outrageous and obscene, it could be . . . the true voice the 1960's," which surely is carrying pessimistic prophecy to a blood-chilling extreme.

In *The Nation*, Thomas Pepper asserts: "In a real sense, the underground papers have brought home to everyone the fact that the regular metropolitan dailies do not communicate with subcultures." They "have awakened virtually all concerned to a real deficiency in American journalism," but adds wisely that "it certainly has not improved the quality of journalism." Give the man a prize for understatement.

No doubt our press has deficiencies but, having slogged through the quagmire, on this assignment, for my sins, I can attest that they are not those faults being charged by the *Rats*, *Barbs* and *Avatars*. To dignify the readers of the underground press as a "subculture" is playing with words. Certainly our press and television have reported enough on the subcultures of crime, perversion, narcotics, obscenity, chaotic violence. How this piled-up corruption equates with "revolution," once a respectable concept, is not easily explained. I submit

that intellectuals who profess to discern world-shaking meanings in the morass are as irresponsible as the underground press itself.

In theory the reader to whom this press caters "does his own thing." Actually, on the evidence of its papers, it turns out to be the thing everyone else in that set is doing. The "liberated" youth is remarkably like an ant-heap. There is deadly sameness and repetitiousness in the contents. Because there are so few leaders and talented writers in the so-called underground, the same bylines and the same slogans run through the entire enterprise.

There are, of course, internal tensions and competitions, mostly between ideologists of a sort (the New Left) and insurgents without an identifiable cause. The Boston *Max* assails what it calls The Movement: "New Left? Movement? The only movement we know is a bowel movement." To *Max* and others the hang-up on Castro, Mao, Guevara and even Lenin seems too close to thinking—not psychedelic enough. One self-billed as Mad Mordecai, in his paper *I*, is rabid in denunciation of liberals and leftists: "The Left is a bush-league of Marats and tin-horn Mussolinis whose greatest desire is to form another dreary oppressive Marxist penal colony—which they call 'freedom.'" If you must subscribe, make it *I*. Despite inside contradictions, however, what is most obtrusive is conformity.

In the interest of contrast and balance we should recall that there always have been, and there are today, *genuine* underground presses. They have flourished in closed, despotic societies where free speech and opinion are crimes against the state and publishing is a state monopoly.

One reason why I latched on to this assignment is because I have long watched, as best one can from a distance, the underground press in communist countries, especially in Soviet Russia, where *sam-izdat* (self-publication) has always, and particularly in recent years, been a thorn in the flesh of the oligarchs. It would need another and longer article to touch even on the highlights. Crudely printed, mimeographed, and handwritten magazines, bulletins, single sheets are produced and circulated, at the risk—no, the near-certainty—of arrest, grueling months-long interrogations, exile, imprisonment and (a new post-Stalin device) confinement in lunatic asylums.

There were in Moscow two issues of a thick review called *Pheonix*. The last of them has been published in full in the Russian language in Germany. Its contents would stand comparison with the best literary-political reviews in the West—earnest political, literary and economic articles on a high intellectual level, poetry, fiction, memoirs. Its youthful editors, talented poets and writers, are now serving sentence from three to six years in foul labor camps.

Censorship and suppression have been sharply stepped up since the overthrow of Khrushchev, in what amounts to a return to Stalinism. But the illicit publications persist, as evidenced by ever new arrests and trials behind closed doors. Pavel Litvinov, grandson of the Maxim Litvinov who was long the Soviet Foreign Minister, is

in prison, along with many of his political friends, for writing "open letters" attacking Soviet "justice"—letters not published inside Russia but circulating clandestinely. Every major Soviet college and university has had its secret papers and bulletins; the editors were expelled, certified by the Secret Police as "mad," or shipped to the camps.

The phenomenon is not limited to Moscow and Leningrad. There have been *sam-izdat* trials and convictions in provincial cities, in particular in the Ukraine, Central Asia and other non-Russian "republics," where the demands for personal freedoms are interwoven with demands for autonomy and national culture. Many of the subterranean publications are put out by religious believers opposed to state domination of the churches and the "godless" campaigns. Equivalent activities occupy the energies of the police no less in Poland, Hungary, East Germany, Czechoslovakia and the other Soviet-captive nations.

Our political pundits unthinkingly talk of a worldwide youth revolt, lumping dissent in Chicago and Paris with dissent in Moscow or Prague, as if it were all one phenomenon. But to equate youth insurgency in the free world with that in the communist world is false to the point of grotesqueness. The only thing they have in common is opposition to the Establishment, whereas the differences are as immense as those between the respective Establishments. Demonstrators in Poland or Russia accept the threats of concentration camps for the very elementary human rights and civil liberties which American Hippies and Crazies hold in contempt and seek to destroy.

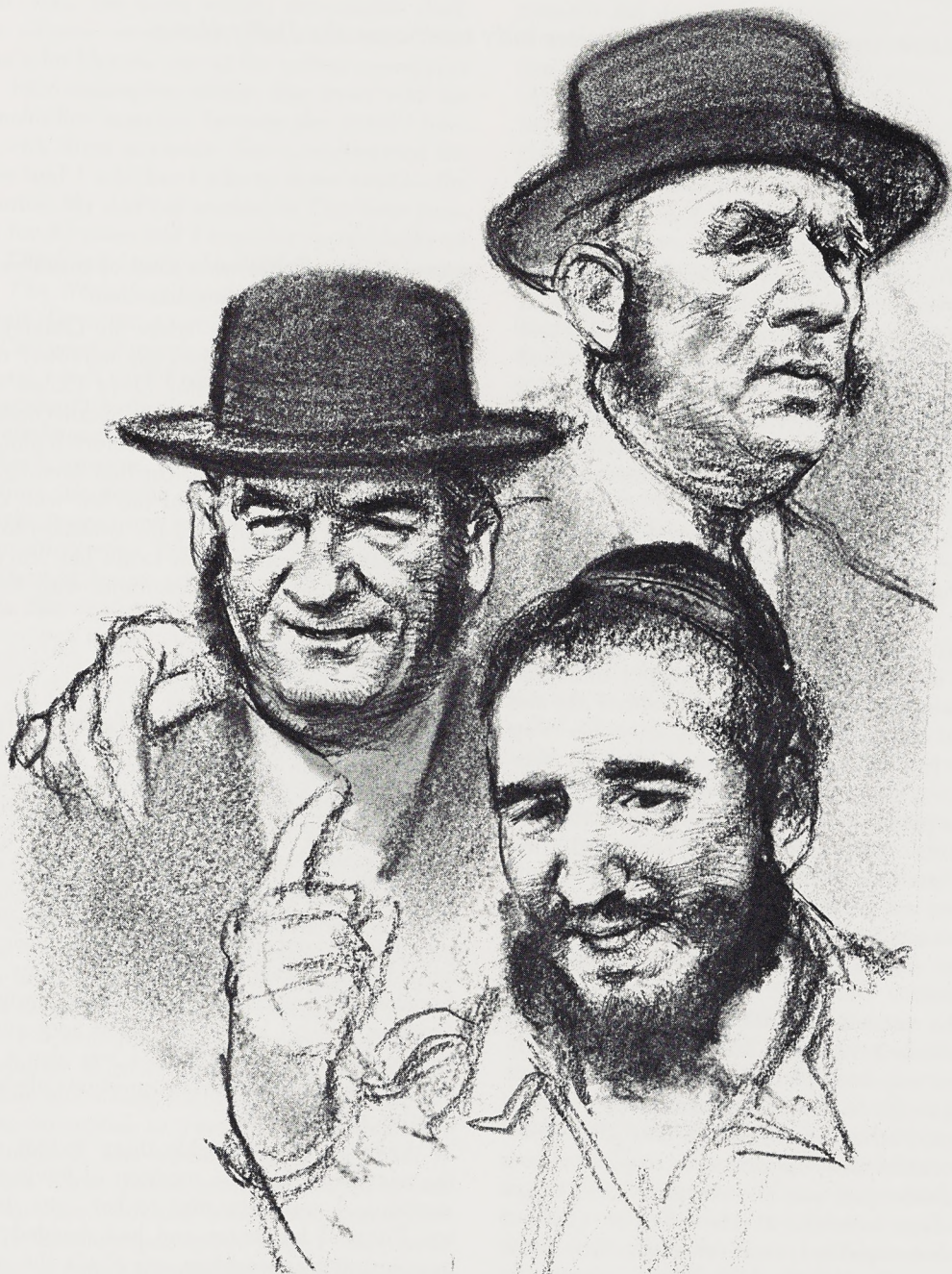
The contrast is equally great between true undergrounds under communism and our caricature versions. Failure to grasp this is an insult to the hundreds of martyrs for freedom, young and old, at forced labor on hunger rations in Soviet prisons and camps.

The underground press in our country, to return to my subject, is essentially a fraud, from the name up. It represents rebellion without real risk, conspiracy before TV cameras. It blows up the occasional prosecution for rape, riot, LSD and murder to fabricate phony martyrs and spread an illusion of danger and sacrifice. That is the reason it romanticizes infantile mischief as "guerilla warfare." Even the hazards of pornography have been removed by our highest courts.

This press is fake-tough, sterile and devoid of talent, a dunghill on which no flowers grow. Even the obsession with sex rings false, since it lacks not only the ingredient of love (the one four-letter word it despises) but genuine passion. Its eroticism is verbal exhibitionism more than earthy lust. Its outrageous vocabulary covers up an emptiness of spirit, its prattle about new lifestyles covers up a retreat from life in any style.

The whole business is an extravaganza of affluence. Witness the fact that these papers never mention the matter of making a living, either now or in their beautiful tomorrow. In effect they project their own sickness upon the rest of us and call it a "sick society." Those of our profound thinkers who diagnose the underground press and its readership might better leave the job to honest psychiatrists. ■

GIANTS



THREE JEWISH MOTHERS

Without whose affection, tender-loving care and front-page stories, we might a) never have made it through the Sixties and b) have been caught in the rain without our rubbers on. To them we give heartfelt thanks; so much, you wouldn't believe . . .

Getting Hep to The New York Daily News

by Meredith Eiker

The day a real-life hippie, underground writer lady took over the Daily News

A brazen female reporter for *Dateline Magazine* slipped past the watchful eyes of the oldest copyboy in the country last night and penetrated the inner sanctum of *The News*. The young attractive blond, later identified as a hippie underground writer by the name of Meredith Eiker, alias Christina Copley, walked by Joe Frantino, her gold badger-fur-trimmed coat slung casually over her shoulder, and gained a clandestine entrance to *The News* city room.

Frantino, who takes over as the editorial receptionist on the 7th floor at five p.m., admitted to having seen Miss Eiker but denied any prior or later knowledge of her mission.

"I figured she worked here," Frantino said, "or was coming to visit her boyfriend or something. I think she was carrying a cup of coffee. Anyway she looked like she knew where she was going—you know, knew her way around. I was just sitting reading one of these here magazines. I bring them to show the other boys. We get a kick out of the pictures—like that woman there. Breaks up a long evening. Anyhow," Frantino continued, "the young lady in question winked at me. She had one of those mini-skirts on. Like I said, I figured she knew what she was doing."

Now a senior citizen, Frantino has worked for *The News* a long time.

The News city room is not difficult to find, but contrary to Frantino's testimony, Miss Eiker apparently didn't know her way around at first.

Her progress to the city room was cautiously pursued. Talks with several other copyboys who saw Miss Eiker that evening revealed that she probably stopped at one of the small cubicles just past the reception desk to get her bearings. Tom Langley, a new editorial assistant (formal title for copyboy), was checking the April crossword puzzles when he saw Miss Eiker.

"It was about 6 p.m. I'm fairly sure she still had her coat with her," Langley said. "She asked me what I was doing and if the puzzle I was checking was 'tomorrow's.' She seemed particularly interested in the next puzzle so I offered to show it to her. She refused to look at it, however, because seeing it she said would spoil her fun. I gave her some further information about our crossword puzzles, told her that one lady makes them all up and that occasionally we do make mistakes in them. I of

course didn't tell her what kind of mistakes, how many or how often or anything like that."

If indeed Miss Eiker spoke to Langley before she reached the city room, then she narrowly missed being discovered. Executive Editor Lloyd Larger's office is directly across the hall from the puzzle-checking cubicle. Larger rarely leaves *The News* before 8 p.m. and usually keeps his office door open. On that evening, however, it was shut. Larger was one of the few who knew of Miss Eiker's plans. She had tried for two days to get in touch with him to get permission to do her story and finally left a letter stating her intentions with the day receptionist.

"I read her letter around 4 p.m.," Larger said. "It was handwritten on three pages torn from a stenographer's pad—the kind with the red line down the middle. Her handwriting is difficult to read. In view of what's happened I sent the letter to a friend of mine for analysis. The results should give us an idea about what kind of reporter would go to such lengths to get a story."

"She made her intentions pretty clear," Larger continued. "She stated she wanted to interview a few of our reporters about journalism, some of the men who have been here a long time. She had been assigned the story by a fellow named Hedley, Tom Hedley, an editor at *Esquire*, but indicated that the story would appear in *Dateline*. I don't know, the whole idea sounded ridiculous to me. A waste of time. I was also a little worried that she might start asking questions about the internal politics at *The News*."

"Anyway, the damnable thing is that she called me the next day. Made no mention of having been here or anything. I was very nice to her over the phone, told her I'd read her letter and had decided that it wasn't appropriate—appropriate, yes that's the word I used—for her to interview our reporters about journalism. She seemed surprised so I said that the men she'd want to talk to probably wouldn't be around—were at Cape Canaveral covering the Apollo 9. She said something about the name being changed to Cape Kennedy and then hung up. I didn't think anymore about it."

Other people did think more about it. Miss Eiker entered the city room shortly after the first edition had been locked—around 6 p.m.—and went over to the coat-

rack where copyboy Frank Chino was buttoning up to go home. Miss Eiker smiled at him and he showed her where to hang her coat. She lied to him about having an evening appointment with Larger and began discussing the workings of the city room with him.

"I explained the whole thing to her," Chino said. "I guess I regret it now but she seemed friendly enough and, well, I just believed what she said. I pointed out the telegraph desk, the night editor, the rewrite desk, the headline writers, everything. She commented that the setup was a lot like the one at the college newspaper where she'd been managing editor. She even told me city rooms make her nostalgic because she doesn't have much to do with them anymore. She complimented me on my clothes and I told her I like to dress nicely—the older guys notice. My dad has worked in *The News* composing room for 30 years and I consider myself lucky to be a part of *The News* family. I wouldn't want to cause any trouble. *The News* is a great newspaper. She was helpful, though. Gave me some ideas about how to do this feature I've been thinking about. On submarines."

"Yeah, I saw her," said Phil Burbelli, veteran *News* reporter. "She wasn't bothering no one."

Another wink brought Mike Copchek, also a copyboy, into Miss Eiker's intrigue. She made an accomplice of him by revealing the details of her assignment and soliciting his help in gaining information. Copchek took Miss Eiker on an evening tour of the 7th floor during which they talked at length with James Wilson, a *News* feature writer. She confided to Wilson as well that she was a reporter, but named a Midwestern daily as her employer. Wilson felt no compunction about discussing the problems of *The News* with Miss Eiker. Although having worked for *The News* for only five years, a comparatively short time, Wilson is acutely aware of the directional and managerial changes confronting the paper.

"I saw no reason for not assisting Miss Eiker in her quest for a story," Wilson said. "Many of the men working here have been around for centuries and lack foresight and vision as to the journalistic needs of the future. We conversed primarily about feature writing—an aspect of *The News* which has long been neglected. I suspect this is because none of the old gentlemen know how to write a feature—they can't even conceive of one in their minds. For example, where we asked one experienced *News* reporter to write a piece, he turned in a 40 page dissertation which both I and the managing editor, Bob O'Rourke, attempted to rewrite. The article was ultimately abandoned. The whole thing is very sad. If Larger told Miss Eiker that it would be inappropriate to discuss journalism with the older members of the staff, then he is far more perceptive than I had dared hope. An intelligent young woman like Miss Eiker should not be unnecessarily exposed to the foul-mouthed illiteracy of the dinosaurs that hang out in the city room."

Following their tour, Copchek took Miss Eiker back to the corner of the city room where he had found her, carefully pointing out the personnel director and other men who might ask her to leave. He told her that if she was questioned to say she was waiting for him and if her luck held that would extend her stay. Miss Eiker, however, decided to revisit the women's department of

The News where she had noticed Clara Pinnell working at her desk. Miss Pinnell was talking to one of the night cleaning women, a close friend, when Miss Eiker returned.

"She came right up to me," Miss Pinnell said, "and asked me what I do. I do the embarrassing-moments column, I said. Have for 20 years. We laughed about some embarrassing moments we both had. I never would have thought she was dishonest. She had a very sincere face. You could have knocked me over with a feather—well, two feathers, I've gained a lot of weight—when I found out what she'd done. I'm pretty sure I could recognize her again if she ever comes back. I had my magnifying glasses on still because I'd been reading the letters."

Copchek interrupted Miss Eiker's conversation with Miss Pinnell and according to Miss Pinnell took Miss Eiker to dinner. Copchek, however, contends that they didn't dine together that evening.

"Look, man, Miss Eiker was a very hip-looking chick," Copchek said. "She was dressed in this kind of leather suit and I took to her right away. I envisioned a whole trip of her having walked in here just for me. So when my lunch hour came around, like 8 p.m. I think it was, I told her to come with me. We went back to one of my friend's pads in Tudor City—this cat has a great place—wow—20 floors up, the whole thing. Anyway, we smoked and rapped for awhile—mostly about her. That's like all there was to it. If that makes me an accomplice, fine. I just work at *The News* to earn bread. I dig it, for work it's not all bad."

Miss Eiker paid a final visit to *The News* the following day. Undoubtedly angered by Larger's refusal to allow her to interview reporters at her leisure, Miss Eiker called Samuel Gordon, a *News* editorial writer since 1926. She told Gordon she was with one of the women's magazines and was working on an article about the men and women who mold public opinion. She gave her name as Christina Copley. Gordon agreed to an interview. Miss Eiker, obviously worried that the day receptionist or someone else would recognize her as having been around before under a different name, disguised herself in sunglasses and a scarf and folded her bright coat inside out over her arm. She found Gordon in his office, which is situated in the back of the women's department.

"We talked for over 45 minutes that afternoon," Gordon said. "She asked me a lot of questions I couldn't answer—about things such as young people and the influence of films on society. I don't see very many young people or films these days. She asked me too if I would support the legalization of marijuana and I gave her an emphatic no, pointing out, however, that I did fight prohibition. We chatted very easily—she didn't seem at all nervous, in fact, Miss Copley—I mean Miss Eiker—was quite charming and carried off the impersonation beautifully. It seems she'd make a good *News* reporter."

O'Rourke assured reporters that security measures were being tightened as a result of Miss Eiker's easy access to *The News* city room. "We don't want our people bothered," he said. "We just want to go about our business of communicating the news to the public."

Miss Eiker, the hippie-underground writer, was unavailable for comment. ■

The Dead Man behind the George Polk Award

by Kathleen McLaughlin

He was offered an interview but granted a bullet in the head

For nearly 21 years, annual awards in his name have commemorated George Polk as a highly competent newsman. The time seems auspicious to enlighten a younger generation of reporters about his place in the history of journalism; and to refresh the memories of his contemporaries, grown blurred in the interim about the circumstances that made his death significant.

As chief correspondent in the Middle East for the Columbia Broadcasting System, he was in Greece, covering the complex political situation during the guerrilla war of 1947-1949. In competition with other correspondents, the 34-year-old American was intent on locating and interviewing the elusive Communist rebel leader General Markos (Vafiades), who had set up a secret provisional government somewhere in the northern mountains.

In his search, he walked into what was patently a trap concocted to terrorize all the correspondents and to discourage further attempts to reach Markos. With two Greek men informants—never identified—he set out one afternoon from Salonika in a small boat, presumably on a promise that he would be guided to the Communist hideaway for an exclusive interview with the guerrilla leader. The next day, May 16, 1948, his trussed-up body with a bullet hole in the head was found in a part of Salonika Bay where there is no swift current, and where it was apparently intended to be discovered promptly.

His money was found intact on the body, and prior to its recovery, his identity card had been mailed to the Greek police.

Winston Burdett and John Secondari, CBS correspondents in Rome, went to Athens immediately to investigate

Polk's death. The Overseas Writers jointly with the American Society of Newspaper Editors sent General William J. Donovan, wartime head of the OSS, to help. The American War Correspondents, Foreign Press Association, Newspaper Guild of New York and the Standing Committee of United Nations Correspondents formed a Newsmen's Commission to solve the mystery.

More than 300 investigators worked on the case and considerable evidence was uncovered. It proved insufficient to justify a trial, and the murderers went unconvicted.

A quiet-mannered, blonde and blue-eyed young man born in Fort Worth, Texas, Polk was well liked and respected among his colleagues, who say he preferred to work alone. He spent three years at Virginia Military Institute but finished his education at the University of Alaska, where he was city editor of the Fairbanks *Daily News Miner*. In China he spent two years on the Shanghai *Evening Post*, then shifted to Europe and the New York *Herald-Tribune's* Paris edition. In the autumn of 1941 he took a commission with the U.S. Naval Reserve; qualified as a Navy aviator, and shipped out to the South Pacific where he served as a fighter and dive-bomber pilot. Wounded in action, he was hospitalized for a year and retired from service in June, 1944, as Lieutenant, USNR. In November, 1945, he joined the CBS news staff in Europe.

In recognition of his keen interest in children victimized by the Second World War, the Foster Parents Plan for War Children dedicated a dormitory in London to his memory. He had contributed generously to the unit and was himself a Foster Parent. ■



In 1948 at age 34 George Polk was killed in pursuit of an interview. In 1968 at age 23 Robert J. Ellison died in a plane crash in Vietnam after taking photographs of the Battle of Khe Sanh. Mr. Ellison had spent nineteen days in Khe Sanh (the longest time of any correspondent) taking pictures that were later to appear on the cover and eight inside pages of Newsweek. For these pictures and those published here he has won an OPC Citation for the best photographic reporting or interpretation from abroad in a magazine or a book.



THE MEMOIR INDUSTRY

by Burnet Hershey

Wherein statesmen turn reporters to expose each others secrets and make a lot of bread too . . .

If we had basked in the shadow of *Variety* instead of *Esquire*, the title on this piece might well have read:

*"Thanks For The Memoirs—and
the Check . . . Bio-Binge Booms!"*

All of which would seem to hint that, what follows here, is one man's report about the Big Business of memoir writing which, once again, as it has often been done soon after the quadrennial menopause on the Potomac, broken the lock of its credibility-gap handcuffs to get its piece of the literary action. A big chunk of this action has always gone, and will go, to newsmen and writers, many of them cloaked in the ghostly sheets of unanimity and known only to the Collector of Internal Revenue.

To check the top ten or thirty in the money sweepstakes for memoir writing, one would have to divide the plethora of books in this category into a dozen subdivisions starting off with recent and still living Presidents, all of whom made a mint. After that, one could go down the list of great and near-great memoirs full of secrets, apologies, recollections, accusations, to say nothing of a list of colorful, narrative fiction. A glance at the book lists of this season and the next shows that the flood has not only failed to abate but is coming on stronger in 1970. Memoirs are truly Big Business. It must be, as the magazine *Banking* says, "... you must admire the courage of generals, admirals, and politicians who have decided that now it can be told—at \$2.25 a word."

Heading that list of now-it-can-be-told memoirs next season will, of course, be L.B.J. himself, who has contracted to write four books. Three of them are strictly memoirs, and the other documentary commentaries which some wag in Washington suggested be titled *Meanwhile, Back At The Ranch*.

What all these books may add up to in dollars and cents is estimated at \$1.5 million—net—most of it going to the School of Public Affairs and the Lyndon B. Johnson Library at the University of Texas.

Lady Bird Johnson has a potential best seller in the contracts that are now being written for her story consisting chiefly of excerpts from a day-to-day diary of her five years in the White House. It is being said that the First Lady's account of history, as it was made from 1963 through 1968, is considered by all those who were invited to bid on it as "the most appealing look at the Johnson Administration that is likely to see print for a decade." At first, it was planned to offer both L.B.J.'s and Lady Bird's books as a "package deal." This didn't

work out; first of all because the President will take a long time in writing his books and the profits from it are intended for the Foundation. Whereas the proceeds from Mrs. Johnson's book are to go into a trust fund for her grandchildren. Thus, the "His and Hers" Johnson books will be on separate shelves.

Lesser, but nevertheless extremely knowledgeable and important White House personalities make up another list of lucrative book contracts. Washington pressmen have already dubbed this segment *LBJ's Great Society*. So far it includes Jack Valenti's book (for McGraw Hill); Charles (Chip) Bohlen, the veteran Kremlinologist of the State Department with a six figure contract; Hubert Humphrey and his book; Presidential Assistants Douglas Cater, Joseph A. Califano, Jr., Harry McPherson, Walt W. Rostow; HEW former-Secretary Wilbur Cohen, and Liz Carpenter, Lady Bird's press secretary—all busy at their typewriters. This list is augmented almost daily, and the last name to be mentioned was Prof. John P. Roche of Brandeis University, who is getting a \$125,000 advance for a book describing the "structural changes in American politics brought about during the Kennedy-Johnson Administration." The book is due in 1971 and is tentatively titled *Can Liberals Govern?*

But the memoir mill has not stopped grinding here, in these so-called "high places." During the last few changes of Presidential Administration—Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson—the Washington press corps found itself outflanked by publishers' representatives, editors, and literary agents who swarmed about the White House grounds with satchels full of money, waving fat contracts, and trying to collar the outgoing residents. They were luring into the memoirs game the outgoing cooks, maids, governesses, clerical secretaries, barbers—anyone who'd been in the kind of position which had made them privy to the personal, human side of the President, the First Lady, and their children.

The joke around the National Press Club was that, while the Johnsons were moving out, one big publisher snagged the departing chief electrician and offered him a \$100,000 advance on his "insights" about the Presidential family, since it was he who had "controlled the power" in the White House.

With regard to the Johnsons, it's too early to know yet what kind of tell-tell books will emerge from this backstairs sector of nonprofessional writers—for whom publishers always provide ghost-writers, of course. But quite a few such unauthorized memoirs came from



the Kennedy era. To name a few of the instant authors, there was Maud Adams, who'd been governess to the Kennedy children, Caroline and John, Jr.; there was Tish Baldrige, Jacqueline Kennedy's personal secretary; Annemarie Huste, the cook hired by Jacqueline Kennedy after she'd been widowed.

Gentle Maud Adams, who scrupulously tried to avoid saying anything tasteless in her innocent story, "White House Nannie," which hit the best-seller list, nevertheless displeased Mrs. Kennedy, now Mrs. Aristotle Onassis. Though Maud had striven loyally to paint the picture of Mrs. Kennedy as a mother who was delighted by her children, the impression left was that the President's wife had been largely an absentee mom, even when present and not traveling. The chapter in Maud's book which caused the most consternation was that which revealed why and how she, the governess, had been chosen to disclose to Caroline the news that her father had been slain.

Young chef twenty-fiveish Annemarie Huste was another who tried to capitalize on the Jacqueline Kennedy phenomenon by getting a cookbook contract out of Bartholomew House, Ltd. However, since she'd declined to say much that was private about Mrs. Kennedy and her recipes were not all that exciting, the book never became a big seller, despite a fantastic bundle of dollars' worth of television, print and mail-order publicity and advertising. Still, Annemarie had retained her fine lump sum of advance publishers' money, and she won her own radio show. Another bonus: she said the book had brought her 25 marriage proposals.

Memoirs by the nonwriters also sometimes stir up international diplomatic circles. Patrick Taylor, former Footman to the Queen Mother of England and Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, as well as Prince Philip, Princess Margaret, and the Royal children, bylined his life at Buckingham Palace in a series of internationally syndicated articles for North American Newspaper Alliance "as told to Ruth Nathan," the ghost journalist's name always printed in small type. The Queen had the story banned in Great Britain; but this nation's top papers, such as the *Washington Star*, and papers in Canada and in other countries gave the article series tremendous billing. Among other things, Patrick revealed that Margaret shook when she couldn't get hold of a cigarette; that she was impulsive and mischievous and irreverent and once compared his hairdo to a "duck's behind"; that Queen Elizabeth liked to fetch Philip his towels when he bathed; that the Queen Mother was a darling whose only fault was talking too much while dancing and who owed her flawless complexion to a nightly brew of laxating herbs.

So much for the valets to whom no man is a hero. But what about the heroes themselves?

Phyllis McGinley, who won a Pulitzer, visualized a military general's homecoming:

*And who, more tender than a spouse,
His hand with rapture presses?
A scout, I think, from Random House
Or maybe S & S's.*

Or, as it is put more folksily by a cartoon caption:

"No books? What kind of general are you?"

As the Vietnam war drags along—possibly to a final stage—the wordage that will pile up from the generals and warriors of every branch, in every theatre, will be crushing. Already the war correspondents have unleashed their flood of personal memoirs and involvements with this Asian adventure. The other correspondents will no doubt do their stuff as ghosts for the brass who know a lot of facts but can't write. Korea and World War II produced an overdose of *I Was There* tomes, not a few of which had marked impact on their time, many leaving a valuable legacy for the historians. I remember once hearing the late Dr. John H. Finley of the *New York Times* define a newspaperman as a "historian in the present tense—a man who records and interprets history at the moment of its making." That was good thinking forty years ago.

But back to the heroes. When Field Marshall Montgomery was a guest at the home of his former comrade in arms, General Omar Bradley, he threw out a challenge to two editors who also were present. Montgomery was being urged to get into the memoir act, Bradley's *Soldier's Story* being then in progress.

"I hear you fellows pay pretty good prices," Montgomery remarked to the publishers. "Why don't you bid against each other for me?" And they took him up on it!

Self-vindication as the motif for military memoirs was probably first established by Julius Caesar, whose third person designation of himself is a token of objectivity. In modern times, the pattern was picked up after World War I by Marshall Joffre, who sought to document his claim to have been the architect of victory at the decisive battle of the Marne. In World War II—most reminisced conflict in history—his countryman, Charles DeGaulle, depicts a similar image of himself as savior of France in *The Call to Honor*.

"We got a hell of a beating," was the blunt assessment of China-Burma operations which set off for General Joseph Stillwell an onslaught of accusations, including that of his being pro-Communist. The self-defense of "Vinegar Joe," comprising his diary and letters to his wife, sadly and most regrettably was not published until after his death.

"The battle of the books," as one columnist called it, was fought on in *Triumph in the West* by Field Marshall Viscount Alanbrooke, chief of Great Britain's armed forces. Eisenhower, according to Alanbrooke, spent the War on the golf links at Rheims. Such was the furor touched off at this allegation that Alanbrooke amended it to say that he didn't mean Eisenhower was *playing* golf—only that he was billeted in a golf club. Alanbrooke stuck to his guns, so to speak, however, on essentials. As a general, Eisenhower, he said was "a good mixer" who ran the war on charm.

In the list of military memoirs, of which Alanbrooke's and Montgomery's are almost mere footnotes, the apologetics theme has emerged more often than any other. In the accounts of military figures—many of these accounts aided and stimulated by the writing of newspapermen-collaborators or *ghosts*—the theme of denunciation and self-justification has emerged most stridently. Few but General George C. Marshall had abstained from the fun

and profit of breastbeating in print.

"You almost ruin a man," Marshall declared, in pointing out that in public life are private lives, that responsibilities during and after the war "related to many people's careers and happiness." He said that to make it history, you had to put it all in, and that public reaction inevitably would devote itself to a critical, deprecating item, even if it were only a single paragraph in the entire book. Marshall himself was to know the personal unhappiness he refused to deal to others when Rear Admiral Robert Theobald published his book titled: "The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor," where he named General Marshall among those he considered principally responsible for the success of the sneak attack.

- In 1954 Admiral William H. Standley's *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor* appeared. Standley, destroyer commander at Pear Harbor, placed the blame for the tragedy squarely on F.D.R. and General George C. Marshall. Paradoxically, none of the Pearl Harbor memoirs sold very well.

- It was thought that Standley's attack on him might cause Marshall to reverse himself and write the memoirs he had until then refused to write. But it didn't.

- General Van Fleet of Truman Doctrine fame felt quite differently. Referring to men who delayed publication of their memoirs for one reason or another, the general said to a newspaper correspondent in Greece, "Why don't they tell it at the time? There is no dust on my memoirs."

- Many books about General MacArthur have appeared, of course. Several by his friend and military aide, Maj. Gen Courtney Whitney, show evidence of MacArthur's willing cooperation. For a long time the General had turned down all offers for a full memoir.

But two newsmen, both officers of the Overseas Press Club, did appear with a pocket-sized quickie, which was a sort of biographical memoir and did much to secure a sizable commendation for MacArthur and to dispel alleged libels and untruths of his opponents and enemies. Both Cornelius (Longest Day) Ryan and Frank Kelley of the New York *Herald Tribune*, a former president of the OPC, were correspondents on MacArthur's battlefronts and both had written an uncomplimentary book called *The Star-Spangled Mikado*. The reversal came after they had sat down with the General. Mac didn't write it as a *memoir*, but the boys did it for him in bio-form.

But to limit literary engagement to war heroes is unjust to many of their colleagues in the memoir genre. For if there is anything in common among such public personalities as Winston Churchill, Elizabeth Taylor, Douglas MacArthur, Joseph Valachi, Herbert Hoover, Evelyn Lincoln, Linda Christian, Ike Eisenhower, Polly Adler, and Sammy Davis, Jr., it is that they are all, if not writers, authors.

They, and a swelling legion of statesmen, actresses, industrialists, governesses, spies, secretaries and athletes are publishers' pets in a proliferating anomaly—the book by a nonwriter. Within the form, a certain stylistic homogeneity emerges and we take the late actor Charles Bickford's book as a pure example. Bickford writes in *Bulls, Balls, Bicycles and Actors*:

"No man of letters I, and when an acquaintance of mine, a knowledgeable gent, surprised me with the suggestion that I write the story of my life, my reaction was decidedly in the negative, it being my opinion that, excepting a very few political or intellectual personalities who may have something of real importance to express, the writer of an autobiography must either be motivated by extreme ego, or by the compulsion to capture a fast buck."

Another distinguished member of the Overseas Press Club, Ambassador Francis Biddle, explained in *Diplomat* recently—and in the most candid, amusing and urbane comment ever made on the subject—why he wrote his autobiography. Said Biddle:

"Writers of autobiographies are prone to question their own motives, to ask what is gained by such an egocentric occupation. After I had finished *A Casual Past*, the first volume of my reminiscences, I asked myself the same questions—what were the "inward pressures" to make me want to write about myself?

"Yet I think I did not so much write about myself as try to bring alive some of my ancestors, to move them into my own past, which now opened to receive them.

"When I wrote my book. I was tempted to balance my pride in my ancestors' stoutness and vitality by including a number of choice old scandals and forgotten mortifications—usually called by reviewers 'family skeletons'. Judge Roger Kiley, of the U.S. Court of Appeals, doubtless assigned to review the book on the theory that a judge should pass on the shortcomings of a lawyer, was of the opinion that I traced my Randolph ancestry with 'shocking disclosures of skeletons; impotency, adultery, an alleged murder by abortion, and alleged treason' (why cannot gentlemen of the law keep away from words like 'alleged' and 'aforesaid'?). Aside from the inaccuracy of suggesting that one of my ancestors was impotent (he was referring to John Randolph of Roanoke, who was described in one historical volume as a man 'drunk again on porter,' my critic did not recognize my conscientious efforts to describe the lapses from grace on both sides of the family. If the Randolphs exhibited these regrettable habits, the Biddles included, in addition to wizardry, two Canadian bad men, and a matricide.

"Fifty years ago a clever Philadelphia blue-stocking, Anna Robeson Burr, asked some of the same questions that I have asked—why do people write about themselves? In her book *Autobiography* she examined two hundred and sixty-five autobiographies and summarized, a little pedantically, the reasons the authors gave for writing them. Sixty-four, she found, wrote in the interest of self-study and of science; fifty-two, for amusement; forty-two, to leave religious testimonials; and forty-eight, in the interest of truth (some of them actually believed they were capturing that illusive essence)."

Yet, none of the characters in this ancient survey mentioned that ugly word MONEY. Serving self or public or both, they write, but never, it would seem, serving pocketbook. Rarely has an autobiographer confessed a mercenary motive, not even Christine Keeler. Usually, it is true, it is a case of "to him that hath shall be given." The position commanding the memoir ordinarily

Jeffrey Fearon is 16 years old—about the same age as the computer business

The fact that the computer business is about 16 years old probably doesn't seem strange to Jeff. After all, computers have been around since he was born.

But as businesses go, sixteen years is no time at all. In 1953, IBM installed its first commercial computer. It seems like yesterday. Yet remarkable things have happened.

At the time, there was a handful of companies in the business. Today there are dozens of manufacturers, hundreds of companies making specialized equipment, thousands of

suppliers—and more than a million people working in all aspects of data processing.

In those 16 years, computers have brought innovations to many unusual fields, including one in which Jeff is interested. He wants to be an oceanographer.

By the time Jeff gets out of college, the data processing business may have a job waiting for him—and probably for half a million others as well.

Not bad for a business born just about the same time as Jeff.

IBM®



carries the wherewithall. Generals, Presidents and Bernard Baruch had other recourse less demanding than writing personal history.

However, reminiscences have become a popular blue chip-off-the-shoulder investment. When Jacqueline Kennedy declined publication offers, this was reported as if it were a truly austere gesture, not that the lovely, former First Lady was exactly broke.

But there have been personalities in all areas who have admitted they were telling their stories because they needed dough. One of the earliest and most poignant instances was that of our most luckless General-President, Ulysses S. Grant. Thousands of dollars in debt and fighting the most desperate battle of his career, one against cancer, his memoirs were virtually a deathbed labor. He hung onto life until this final effort to leave his family provided for was completed, dying only a few days afterward.

David Lloyd George ran head-on into a irate public when, while still in office, he negotiated with an American newspaper syndicate to publish his memoirs for a fee of \$200,000. Although pleading that he was in financial straits and needed the money, general moral indignation ran so high that the indigent statesman was forced to announce he would donate the proceeds to charity. At a later date, as fortune-through-fame gained respectability, and still in sharp writing shape, although past seventy, Lloyd George fulfilled the project, and the proceeds went to every author's favorite charity—himself.

In the Hollywood spotlight of her time, Actors' Relief investigated the retired lot of Casbah-queen of the Forties Hedy Lamarr, when she was reported seeking a contract for the book-length version of her original *I Have Lived* story to ward off destitution. (She was certified as subsisting in no urgent state of impoverishment.)

Money and memoirs, at varying altitudes, have been linked for generations. George Washington's grand-nephew, Corbin, sold the first President's papers to the government, in 1834, for \$25,000; a second packet of Washington's papers went for \$20,000 in 1849. The Monroe and Madison papers did well for their heirs at government prices of \$20,000 and \$55,000, respectively.

In more recent times, the financial situation has tended to get out of hand. One publisher, referring to a book carrying a \$50,000 guarantee to the author, mused: "This means that if the publisher is unable to make a book-club deal, sell magazine or movie rights, he is on the hook for the guarantee, which means a minimum sale of 60,000 copies. In today's market, that's a long speculation."

The Truth is costing the publishers plenty. It does not seem beyond reason that Sir Winston Churchill, a polished writer among the nonwriters, still holds the lead for monies received for his memoirs. He got more than a million and a half dollars for his six-volume series of war and postwar reminiscences (without counting his \$40,000 Nobel Prize check). In this frame of reference, it also ceases to astound us that Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* earned him \$635,000 or that Truman's advance payment alone for his 300,000 word two-volume

work was \$600,000. These are not so much authors' fees as honoraria. Nor is it simply a case of, as history was made, "I was there," but, "I made history."

Today, the fortunes to be made in the memoir market have been enhanced by the special income tax advantages applied to them. Up until Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe*, the advance payments received by nonprofessional writers were taxed as a species of capital gain rather than as straight income. By this arrangement, Eisenhower retained 75 percent of the better than \$650,000 he reportedly made on the book which went into ten half-million copy printings, translated into sixteen languages.

Spurred by adverse public reaction to this privileged tax designation, Congress enacted the so-called "Eisenhower Amendment" which revised the revenue laws clearly to put memoir monies under the head of earnings, subject to full taxation.

But the literary businessmen were ready with a loophole. Truman's memoirs, for example, were sold under a contract calling for his guarantees to be paid in installments. His publishers gave him five "promissory notes" for the full amount, one note to fall due each year. His tax payments thus obviously could be computed on the annual payments, in a much lower bracket than would have been the case with a lump-sum payment. Since this contractual arrangement was submitted in advance of signing to the Treasury Department, which authenticated its tax-saving features, similar provisions are and have been available to any potential autobiographer, ex-diplomat or ex-dipsomaniac, retired Cabinet members or regenerated madams. (Polly Adler's memoirs earned her a fortune.)

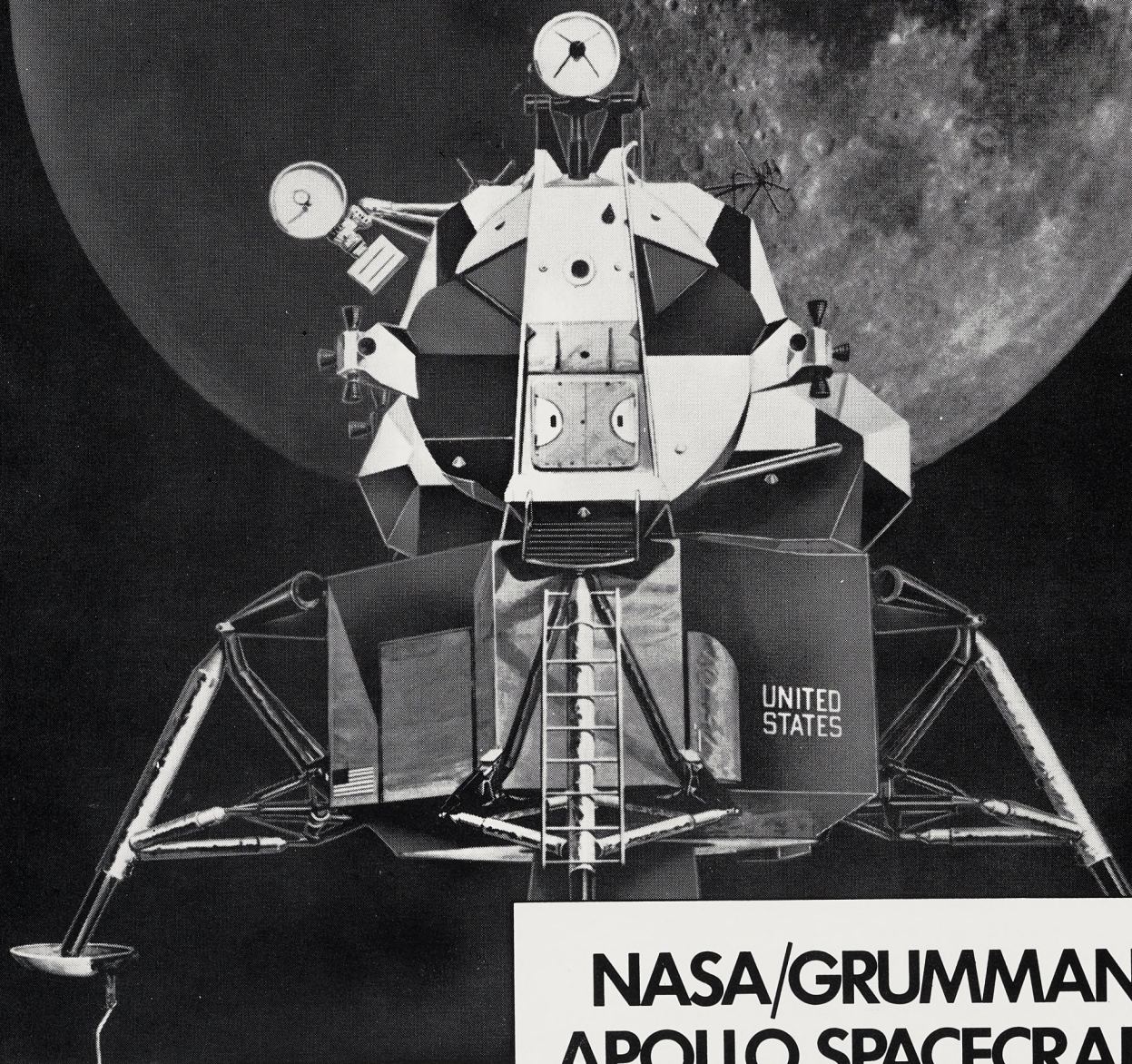
The autobiography boom has been associated, not surprisingly, by a renaissance of a romantic custom—diary keeping. The pragmatic purpose of such diarists as Truman, James Forrestal, Harry Hopkins, Edward Stettinius, Dean Acheson, Joseph Davies in Moscow and Joseph Grew in Tokyo have, admittedly, transcended or possibly traduced the classic form. As diaries, per se, they are in strange contrast to those of the confessional geniuses, Dostoevsky and Kafka, for example.

Traditionally, the value of a diary is that it gives us, spontaneously, what the man really cares about. What he really cares about, we often are reminded, are what all men care about: how they slept, was the dinner digestible, and did they argue with their wives before going to bed.

The Father of our Country was in this respect no more posterity-minded than the father of all diarists, Samuel Pepys. While attending the Continental Congress of May 1775, in the quickening foment of a revolution, George Washington nightly noted painstakingly: "Dined and supped at the tavern. Spent the evening at my lodging,"—scrupulous about trivia, as Pepys himself, though the latter, at least, recorded his relish for the chicken joint and cream pudding and, subsequently, for his wife.

Even Leo Tolstoy, possibly the greatest writer in history, is preoccupied in his diaries with his insomnia and what he ate and, quite as if this problem were unique to him, that his wife talked too much and, as he com-

Our nation's stand on the moon
may well determine
our place in the sun.



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plained, "to no purpose." ("She began to talk about 'faith' tonight. She simply does not understand what faith is.") But even as a safety valve for spilling out dissatisfactions with one's mate, the diary was unsafe for the aging Tolstoy. Like a comic-tragic version of a Thurber sketch, he repeatedly wakes in the dead of night to find the lights on and his wife rummaging assiduously at his desk among his notes, and he asks her solicitously, "How are you feeling, darling?"

The growing practice of public servants cashing in on their experiences has raised some pungent questions. For example, how proper is it for a former official to publish memoirs which may reveal state secrets, or, by accusation or innuendo, impair public confidence in those who are still wrestling with the problems of government? Is it fair for him to reveal the advice he sought or gave, when those with whom he dealt expected that he sought and gave it in confidence?

These questions flew hot and heavy with the publication of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s inside story of the John F. Kennedy administration, *A Thousand Days*. Schlesinger's account of the late President's alleged disenchantment with Secretary of State Dean Rusk—then toiling in that sensitive post for President Lyndon B. Johnson—drew many cries of "foul" and "unethical." Columnist Warren Rogers wrote: "The most miserable breach of confidence this reporter has witnessed in 14 years of covering Washington." Professor Eric F. Goldman's *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson* was also put in this category—"Good reading, but not satisfying history," and "dirty pool" were some of the comments.

With so many of the memoir-minded garnering raw material in high places, cabinet meetings and international parleys might well become tongue-tied affairs. It has been proposed that a Presidential O.K. be mandatory for publication of an office holder's exposé some five years after the close of the Administration. Reportedly, this proposition is being studied in Congress.

The large issues of propriety and ethics narrow down into more direct dollar-and-cents questions which also require classification: in any contest for literary rights, who can sell a letter, the writer or the addressee? Which of the participants can merchandise a conversation? In the answers, heavy money is sometimes at stake.

Former President Dwight D. Eisenhower validated his most recent "Mandate for a Change" with a quote from Thomas Jefferson: "When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property." Douglas MacArthur similarly keyed his "Reminiscences" with: "The motive that induces me is not that of authorship. The import of the subject matter . . . is my only claim. . . ." But prominent in MacArthur's story is also the theme of rebuttal. Explicitly, he declared that there was no white charger, no sword, and no piano, in countering caricatures of himself, and he refutes the report that his apartment furniture was moved on PT boats in preference to wounded nurses.

Whether or not the books themselves are apologies, those written by the nonwriters always embody at least one for the very act of writing the book. Agnes de Mille, substantiating that her book was "neither planned nor

intended," described her manuscript as consisting of paper napkins, programs and wrapping paper. The absence of any calculated effort to write a book was made plain by the publishers of Harold L. Ickes' *The First Thousand Days*. They said Ickes' work was a compilation of notes jotted down every night for nineteen years and they made a big selling point out of the author's and publisher's nonrevision policy: "Not one word changed since the day it was written."

Prominent among memoirs to stir up the state weather was also *The Inside Struggle*—the second book by Harold Ickes, which revealed that President Roosevelt wanted no part of Bernard Baruch but his money, and sums up his opinion of James Farley with "You only have to look at his face." Ickes also related that, at the White House dinner for the King and Queen of England, Vice-President Garner was "as full of life as a kitten," and acted as if he were at a church supper in Uvalde, Texas.

Baruch temperately got back at Ickes in his own version, "The Public Years," with direct quotes from the famed Curmudgeon: "I've got to weep on somebody's shoulder, and I don't know a better shoulder than yours"; and quotes Ickes' appeal to President Roosevelt to appoint Baruch to an administrative post: "I don't know anyone who can do the job as well as he."

Winston Churchill, as a seasoned writer, had a keen sense of property rights, yet he once found himself guilty of having committed the author's mortal sin: giving away valuable material. This lapse on Churchill's part from the normal chariness of the literati had repercussions to the point that high-level representations from the British Foreign Office to the U.S. State Department were undertaken.

Back in 1948, the holders of the American rights to Churchill's six-volume memoirs were dismayed to see some of the most trenchant quotes and anecdotes from yet unpublished volumes appearing in a magazine serialization of the *Secret Papers of Harry Hopkins*. This work had been prepared following Hopkins' death by Robert E. Sherwood.

That Sherwood was an excellent interviewer, Churchill's American publishers were only too well aware; they set up a hue and cry in fear that the Hopkins story would take the edge off Churchill's forthcoming volumes and cut down sales.

The Foreign Office was alerted and asked to inform the State Department that it was "disturbed" by the publication of this "official" material. Churchill quickly put a halt to this high-level censorship intrigue.

"I gave Sherwood permission to use those quotes," Churchill thundered. "The fellow had the decency to recheck them with me for accuracy before publishing them. I can't, I won't, go back on my word now." The Hopkins articles ran uncut. At a later date, however, Churchill told intimates that he regretted having "given that Sherwood so much."

The current project to enshrine in a Memorial Library the papers of John F. Kennedy has brought to summation the issue of Administration archives, disposition of which has on occasion been an issue.

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When Truman hauled 39 tons of paper off to Missouri on leaving office, a certain Tennessee attorney filed suit to impound the booty, alleging that it was "public property" and should be returned to Washington. Who actually owns a President's papers? This question holds the key to what commercial use may be made of them.

Actually, Truman followed a precedent. Another wartime President, Woodrow Wilson, had carried off with him stacks of official archives when he left the White House, locking them up in a house outside of Washington. To an American reporter doing a book from these files, the embittered former President gave better than *carte blanche*. "The more indiscreet, the better," Wilson told him. But it was only to a personal elite that these documents were revealed. Herein lies the difference which is the index to the changed temper of the present-day more politically conscious public.

"I want to put it," Truman said of his own historical cache, "where it will be most accessible to scholars interested in the history of the period, and where it will be properly cared for." Like Kennedy's, Eisenhower's, Wilson's, and Hoover's papers which are ensconced in various libraries, Truman's are in a repository in the library in Independence.

Although it is held that any statesman who carries off *official archives* commits a penal offense. Wilson, Truman, Eisenhower, and Johnson followed an American tradition that a president's papers are his own property. Hence, they may go with him when he leaves the White House.

Arguable legal, moral considerations apart, there persists through history a tension between the public and the private, a sense of inviolability, of almost taboo, related to written relics. Accordingly, much material of historic value has been consigned to the flames. Martha Washington burned all of our first President's letters to her. Lincoln's papers were bowdlerized by his son, Robert Todd, who deleted those he considered "useless." Filmore's son willed his father's papers be destroyed, though they never were. Harding's were burned at the direction of his widow.

On the other hand, pure indifference caused the inadvertent loss of other portions of our national heritage. A New York warehouse held the letters and documents of President Buchanan until they were destroyed by fire. Some of Andrew Jackson's papers went up in the flames of a Washington storage bin.

Here, in one real respect, at least, commercialization of memoirs has been of great benefit. What is worth money is worth safeguarding, and few important private journals get lost or destroyed today.

As a device for letting off steam, journal-keeping was a merciful diversion for the two great American Adamases, John and John Quincy. John Quincy forestalled a direct blowup with John C. Calhoun through the release of venting his passions in a private entry. The Missouri Compromise may be a textbook's minor paragraph heading to the modern reader, but the height to which feeling ran, as indexed by John Quincy's private tirade, brings it as burningly to life as any present-day issue. In discussion of the Compromise issue, he wrote that the op-

position had "betrayed the secret of their souls . . . pride and vainglory in their condition of masterdom."

Other moments of truth among the stalwarts of the Nation's salad days have been recorded for us: Henry Clay at the Ghent Conference sitting up all night over a card game; defeated Presidential candidate, William Crawford, while a member of President Monroe's cabinet, brandishing his cane at the chief executive and calling him "You damned infernal old scoundrel."

By the intensified modes of contemporary communication, the world has closed in on itself. The public's sense of history has been quickened. In their own living rooms and bedrooms, people have watched assassinations, state funerals, national conventions, war, rebellion, strikes. They have seen history unposed and unrehearsed. The demand for this immediacy and participation is what the best of the memoirists have served, or exploited, or both.

Even a gastronomic drive is discernible in that broad area of motivation. General Mark Dorn, whose sop to the convention of autobiography was a cookbook, shared an aversion for ketchup with Errol Flynn, not mentioned in the actor's own memoir but in that of his second wife, Nora Eddington Flynn, who quoted her late bon vivant husband: "Ketchup makes the meal a whole bloody battlefield."

Why ketchup, kings and secrets of state do they tell all? The pay is without parallel, as Bickford hinted. Like many services which pay enormously, a rationale has arisen by which the money becomes merely the concomitant and not so much the big initial inspiration. Memoirs have become a public service. They give the world the Truth.

One to perform a "public service" and to beam the "Truth" is the unlikely figure of underworld songbird, Joseph Valachi, who was granted special permission by the United States Department of Justice to pen his account of life inside the Cosa Nostra. A spokesman for the Justice Department stated for the press: "We hope he will make the best-seller list," and off went some 1183 pages of handwritten notes by Valachi—famed on television for his *dese, dem and dose* eloquence on the subject of organized extortion and murder. He had authored his memoirs on legal-sized paper, which sounds a little bit like an inside joke.

Another joke was the one that was around concerning some top mobsters boiling at Valachi's "memoir singing" and were looking for a ghost-writer to counter with a book tentatively titled *The Real Joe Valachi*, which would show up Joe as such an extremely anti-social schizo even his own parents couldn't stand him. "The trouble with writing this book," said Earl Wilson, "is that you could go from ghost writer to ghost."

Of all the many hazards a publisher faces in trying to grab a slice of the lush memoir market, the *ghost* is perhaps the one fraught with the greatest peril. The ghost is that often unknown, usually unheralded and seldom mentioned professional writer who acts as the impersonal conduit of Mr. Big's personal recollections and actually writes the "my" story for him. He is the

forgotten man of American letters, submerging himself as he does in the personality of his subject. The success of the ghost in converting the trivia and obscurities which clutter up so many autobiographies into entertaining, literate reading matter is what often makes the difference between a best seller and a one-edition printing job. An astute critic observed that in the guild of these free-lancers the single gravest source of marital discord is the wife who asks her husband, "Did you read that fascinating life story of General whosis? . . ." At which point the pained reply is, "Yes, dear, I wrote it."

It is not unusual for trouble to grow out of the strains of such ghostly collaboration. Usually the ghost quietly folds his sheet and steals away, to be as quietly replaced by another. Four ghosts reputedly worked on Elsa Maxwell's *R.S.V.P.* Occasionally, an author-ghost dispute breaks out into the open, such as the one between the Duchess of Windsor and Cleveland Amory. The best-selling author of *The Last Resorts* who had contracted to "assist" the Duchess with her memoirs said he quit because she wanted him to "play with the facts."

According to Amory, his employer's primary purpose was to settle the hash of her detractors by proving that she was to the manor born, even if the old neighborhood had gone down. The Duchess and her publishers claimed Amory had been dismissed for "incompetence." The dispute was carried on in the newspapers. The result: a new ghost hired, and, of course, invaluable advance publicity for the book, and magazine syndication.

As varied as is their financial success, modern memoirs differ in scope and even more. As a device for letting off steam, there exist—and always will—the journal-keeping activities of not just the public servant who was fired from his job, or lost the election, but one who was almost a father-confessor, the doctor.

Perhaps, the most glaring of all memoirs of recent times was the fascinating autobiography of Lord Moran, who was Winston Churchill's doctor. The revelations of intimate conversations between the author and Churchill caused many eyebrows to be raised on both sides of the Atlantic. There were emphatic doubts about the *ethics* of Lord Moran's performance. First, there was the matter of the "indecent interval" between the death of the patient and the doctor. The most interesting objection was raised by the *London Economist*, which took a swat at Lord Moran's bedside manner:

"This is above all an age of gossip, in every kind of newspaper and in all favorite reading, serious or light. We are all onlookers and eavesdroppers nowadays on the public drama, with its personalities. Lord Moran's book will be read more avidly, by politicians and students as well as generally, than any books about ideas or principles. It will go the high way of Sorenson and Schlesinger or Kennedy, without their larger quota of thought-out judgment. And, when all the fuss is over, it will remain a quite indispensable contemporary document, in the minor key."

The mere enterprise of recording one's experience for money is not unique to our times. But not until the top echelon began to collect (and collect on) their recollections were money and memory linked at so high a level of profit.

Now, in addition to the continuing spate of "secret diaries" and memoirs by prominent statesmen and military leaders, Broadway and Hollywood celebrities again are off on *Variety's* bio-binge. Already in print are over 150 memoirs, books from the Ethels—Barrymore, Waters, and Merman—to Bing Crosby, Joe E. Lewis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Pickford, Eddie Cantor and Cecil B. DeMille.

Soon to join these and the ceiling-high bookcase of others will be the memoirs of a new baker's dozen from film and T.V. stars, especially some on the boy-girl-in-bed theme, with pictures yet, as well as centerfolds.

Outpourings from the music and dance worlds have been added to the freshet by Mary Garden, Deems Taylor, and Agnes de Mille, Josef Hoffman, at the age of 80, also assembled the material for his memoirs.

For the big names of the entertainment world "doing the life story bit" has unlimited attraction. As natural extroverts, they snap at a chance to grab the limelight in the role most dear to themselves. Moreover, being long used to paying out huge sums to press agents, show-business folk can hardly be blamed for welcoming a chance to be paid for valuable publicity, for aside from the book itself there are personal appearances, magazine reprints, newspaper syndication, and, finally, the movie rights. This is where the heavy money comes in—and still more publicity with the film's exploitation. The returns from movie rights are especially important to the entertainment world's authors, since they mark a high point of professional recognition and offer a chance at a profit-sharing deal, cutting down taxes as the income is spread over several years.

Freest of self-consciousness are those memoirs with personal scores to settle. A three-way dialogue set up by Linda Christian, *Errol and Me* (Nora Eddington Flynn), and *My Wicked, Wicked Ways* (Flynn) is uninhibited in kicking around such Hollywood genre items as drugs, which garnet had the rubies, and who paid for the tooth-capping. Interestingly, the single common bond among this tangled trio is that all three blame it all on their mothers. What's new, *oedipussycat*?

There have been scores of scandal-ridden memoir books, some like the Mary Astor diaries standing out as minor classics and others like the Coote account of one of England's juiciest sex affairs.

"I have never been more surprised, nor embarrassed, nor innocent," Sir Colin Coote proclaimed in his footnote to the Profumo affair. In his memoir, the former editor of the *Daily Telegraph* was concerned with making it clear that his interest in Stephen Ward was in his physiotherapy, portrait sketches, and "quite passable bridge." ("It is always useful to be able to call on an unattached man to make up a party.") Not that Sir Colin suffered undue persecution. He reported only one nasty letter among hundreds. "Everybody else, from the Prime Minister on downward, was charming." Nevertheless, he

is careful to reiterate, "I had no idea of the existence of any young ladies."

The Durling and Watt Study, Biography, traces the contemporary form back to Edmund Gosse's psychological *Father and Son*, through the eras of the immigrant-makes-good story, the doctor's odyssey period, and the subsequent ascendancy of the foreign correspondents. And dominating the current best-seller lists in the memoir genre, they agree, is the autobiography and the biography related to today's news.

Just as the unforgettably tragic assassination of President Kennedy begot a special category of memoir books, so the civil rights revolution produced its own eruption of autobiographies. These are in a unique now-it-can-be-told classification, and the keynote is: "Do you know what it feels like?"

"How would you like to be called a 'chocolate chanteuse?' asks gifted and beautiful Lena Horne. Floyd Patterson describes sleeping curled up in the recesses of the subway tracks. Dick Gregory, whose autobiography *nigger* makes the World War II reminiscences seem pallid, tells of the white woman who telephoned him long distance on the night of his baby son's death from pneumonia to say: "I'm glad your son is dead. You deserve it."

This *memoir* on memoirs would be even more incomplete than it is if we failed to add a footnote about a top-drawer type of autobiography which has, and continues to, contribute handsomely to the boom. We refer, of course, to the "spy" diaries, the "inside revelations" in the espionage business. Autobiography is, at best, predictable reading and perhaps spy confessions are more predictable than most. Unlike the actors' memoirs which are really rags-to-riches success-leading-to-success stories, the spy autobiography is generally the account of failure.

In inaugurating the CIA in '61, President Kennedy, addressing several thousand members of the United States undercover-agency, summed it all up when he said: "Your successes are unheralded, your failures are trumpeted." These failures found a public in recent times and imperceptibly moved into the forefront of the literary scene—and the money. However, Allen Dulles said that despite a lucrative crop of "confessions" and general literature on the spying business, little real information concerning national intelligence agencies, here or abroad, is shared with the public.

Just the same, this did not prevent a flood of inside stuff from leaking out when defectors fled their gestapos or when some newshound unearthed the notes and diaries of the unhappy spy.

"I think a spy should be praised for helping to avoid surprise and even to prevent wars," is the plaint of Soviet spy Gordon Lonsdale in another prison-authored autobiography.

"Why all this fuss about one of the oldest and most useful professions in the world?" continues the aggrieved professional spy, born Konon Trofimovich Molody in Ontario of a Scottish father and Finnish mother, and more recently known as "the spy who came into the gold." In the guise of a Canadian student in Britain doing self-help as a jukebox vendor, Lonsdale also picked up such reminiscence-worthy information as that the

FBI and the CIA hated each other worse than they did the Communists.

Dedication to the ideals of peace and Communism sustained Lonsdale through his cloak-and-dagger commission, according to his own account, but he concedes a flair for derring-do. There is also considerable support for the theory that his book was a Soviet idea to help renovate the image of Communist spies, certainly elevated by Lonsdale to James Bond standards.

Too numerous to mention here by their titles, these spy memoirs have nevertheless contributed their share to our understanding of certain current events. As one eminent writer in this field pointed out, "spies . . . are a veritable insecticide upon the Great Man treatment of history . . . and the Great Men themselves, when composing memoirs or correcting the grade of their eminence, have been disposed to protect their spies and emissaries—even those safely deceased—by preserving their anonymity and resisting the temptation to divide with them the credit which otherwise must burden the narrator alone." Richard Wilmer Rowan, the master of the techniques disclosers, added that the concern for the ultimate security of the spy is never so acute, it appears, as when the time comes to save him from his reckless, mercenary inclinations to share in the public acclaim.

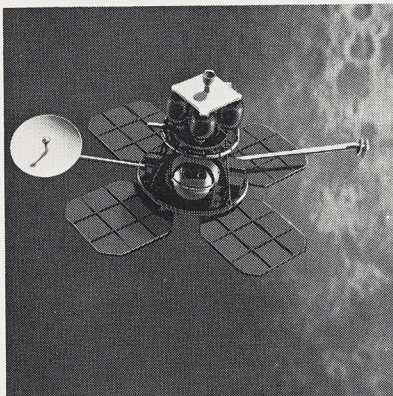
In recent months several Overseas Press Club members became involved in the writing of some of these spy memoirs. There was the excellent disclosure of the German World War II espionage methods contained in Louis (past-president-OPC) Lochner's article *My Spies In Naziland*. Then, of course, in 1965 we had Frank Gibney's *The Penkovsky Papers*, a compilation of the memoranda and diary, jottings, smuggled out of Russia, by Col. Oleg Penkovsky of whom it was said that "he may well deserve the credit for saving the world from nuclear destruction." Frank Gibney was a vice-president of the NPC. Newsmen have also been involved in the writing and publication of revelations such as the John Scali story of the Cuban Missile crisis and the exposure of the French spy scandal in the story written by the defector Philippe Thyraud Vosjoli. The defection was from the French army intelligence to the CIA and the memoirs accused General DeGaulle of suppressing data on Soviet spies. The British espionage agent A. R. (Kim) Philby and his offer to exchange his memoirs manuscript for a handful of Soviet spies held by Britain was another of those writing-agents who tried to cash in on their traitorous activities.

Many of these books have dominated the best-seller lists in the memoir genre and mainly because these autobiographies were related to today's news, and therefore to history.

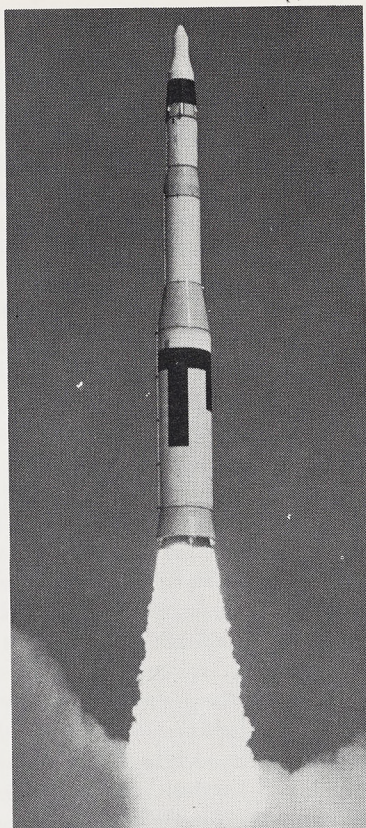
Comments one distinguished reviewer of biography: "We respect the historian, but we stand at attention to the personal, the stark, the confessional, the grief and the gossip." In validation, he recalls Melbourne, whose rule of Ireland is mercifully forgotten, but whose spiky ex-officio memoirs makes the Prime Minister of nearly a century and a half ago come to life: "What all the wise men said has not happened and what every damned fool prophesied has come to pass." ■



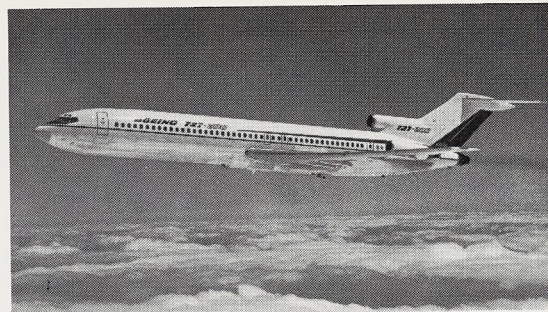
737, world's most advanced short-haul jet



NASA's Boeing-built Lunar Orbiter



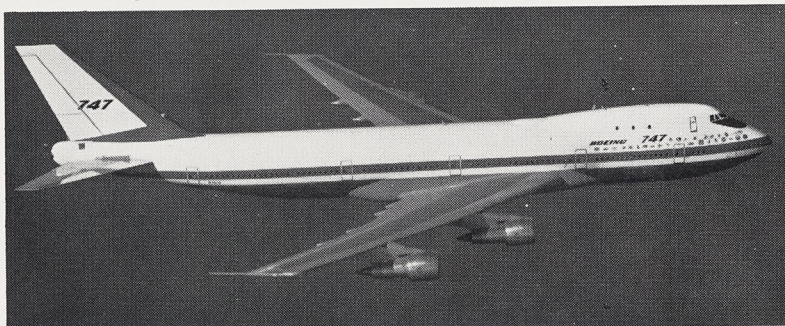
U.S. Air Force Minuteman ICBM



727-200 trijet airliner



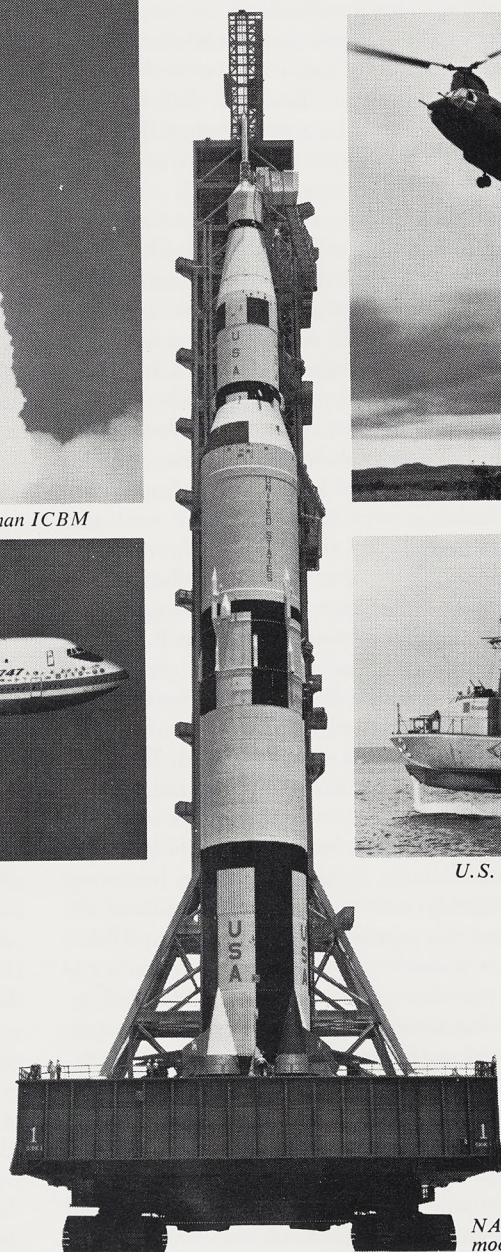
Boeing helicopter



747, world's largest commercial jet



U.S. Navy Hydrofoil Gunboat



NASA's Apollo/Saturn V moon rocket

Capability has many faces at Boeing.

Boeing 737, the world's most advanced short-range jetliner, is the first airliner to bring big-jet comfort to short-haul routes.

NASA's Boeing-built Lunar Orbiter was the first U.S. spacecraft to orbit the moon and photograph far side of moon. Orbiters have photographed thousands of square miles of the lunar surface to help NASA scientists select best landing site for Apollo astronauts.

747 superjet, the world's largest commercial jetliner, will carry from 360 to 490 passengers, and usher in new era of spaciousness and comfort in jet travel. Deliveries begin this year.

Minuteman is U.S. Air Force's quick-firing, solid-fuel ICBM. Boeing is weapon system integrator, responsible for assembly, test, launch control and ground support systems.

727-200, long-body version of standard 727, world's most popular jetliner, can carry up to 178 passengers. Designed especially for high-density, commuter routes.

Twin turbine Boeing helicopters, built by Vertol Division, are deployed to Vietnam. They serve with U.S. Army, Navy, Marine Corps.

PGH (Patrol Gunboat-Hydrofoil), designed

and built by Boeing for U.S. Navy. Propulsion is by water-jet engine.

NASA's Apollo/Saturn V moon rocket, largest, most powerful in world, launched first Americans on voyage to moon and return. Boeing builds first-stage booster, integrates Saturn V with Apollo command, service and lunar modules, and performs systems engineering, launch and integration support for NASA on entire Saturn V system.

BOEING

The Logistics of a Pseudo-Event

by Russell C. Tornabene

General Manager NBC Radio News

A politician, we all know, is measured by how well he manipulates the news.

A reporter is measured by how easily he's manipulated. So how else is news made?

The Governor stared down the long table at the five men. They had been, and he presumed still were, his closest advisers, confidants and friends. He had told them he had decided not to run for reelection and that he thought it "against the interests of the citizens of the state" to announce the decision now, in late summer, 1969, thereby assuring the nomination by his party of the Lieutenant-Governor.

"He cannot be allowed to run," the Governor said.

"We must, somehow, control the timing on this, so that my less-than-adequate aide," a derisive phrase the Governor often used to describe his Lieutenant-Governor, "will not have two full months to twist the arms of the county chairmen and get the nomination.

"We must somehow control the timing of my announcement," he said.

The United States Senator, though from the same state as the popular Governor, had envied the Governor his position and now had heard by accident that the state's chief politician might not run for reelection. The Senator guessed that the Governor intended not to reveal his decision until he could control the choice of who would succeed him. His choice, the Senator correctly reasoned, was neither the incumbent Lieutenant-Governor nor the Senator.

The Senator, himself experienced in controlling most of the public impressions about him, made a decision of his own: he would reveal the Governor's secret and gain personal advantage by throwing open now the race for the mansion in the state capital. He would feed the idea to a television-network news-program anchorman, whose name was well known nationally.

In the days that passed since that late night session called by the Governor to discuss the problem of succession, he didn't know the senator had learned of his intentions. But there was public discussion of the possibility of an open race for the Governor's job: a television-network news-program anchorman, as famous as the other television-network news-program anchorman, said on his program. "But the party is not all that unified, not as unified as the capital-city meetings would have the country believe. It may be," he said, "that the gubernatorial race this fall will be more interesting than the script the county chairmen are reading now." He had

heard, as many had, that the Governor didn't like his running mate and the anchorman was guessing that the Governor might change his Lieutenant-Governor. The Tuesday broadcast report picked up little interest, except with the Governor and the Senator.

The Governor felt he had to make a move soon. He would confide some of his intentions to an anchorman of a television-network news program, whom we'll call anchorman number three. He had had drinks and pleasant conversation several times with this correspondent, whose name ranked in public recall with all the well-known politicians. The television reporter was famous. He was trusted. The Governor would call him early one afternoon, before the program's producer shifted from tense to frantic about late delivery of film, subtly plant the thought that the Governor hadn't finally decided to run again and that perhaps an open convention would suit the party's interests this year. All this for background and not for attribution, of course.

That weekend was busy for the three anchormen; each talked at length with his leaders—the presidents of the network News Divisions. One told his boss that he knew the Senator would challenge the Governor and that the Senator was prepared to say so on their network's Sunday news-panel program, or a filmed interview with the anchorman. "We must get to him fast," said the anchorman.

Anchorman number two, knowing little of substance but sensing a story, advised his boss to get the Lieutenant-Governor on the network's Sunday news-panel program "the first chance we get. He's got to know they're talking about dumping him," he said.

"I can't tell you where I got this, but it's good," anchorman number three told his leader. "But we should move to get the Governor on next Sunday."

Each president agreed with each star; each, by a turn of fate, agreed that for maximum news-making impact, there would be no advance publicity on who the guest would be on these programs.

At 2 p.m. the next Sunday, in separate studios in the same city, the Senator, the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor faced three men across a brightly lit stage to begin a half hour of answering political questions. ■

PARADISE NOW

by Israel Shenker

Staff Reporter of The New York Times

*If the preceding has been too much to bear
where to go to drop out forever. Bring money....*

For all who dream of a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and a suitable thee, the *Club Mediterranee* is generous to a fare-thee-well, with four-course cuisine, endless jugs of wine, and bikinied acres of thees (plus those, for thees who seek them).

Of all the club locations in the world I recently chose the Polynesia at Cefalù—which is on the northern coast of Sicily. A mere 50 minutes by jet from Rome, a drive from Palermo, and there I was—asking a sleepy gatekeeper to take me to his village chief, to get me out of The Sixties and away from the headlines for a week.

Charly Benillouz greeted me warmly and advised me to take my jacket off. Then he suggested I take my tie off. I hate taking advice, so I pressed him with questions before he could reduce me to the sarong on his desk.

"Where am I going to sleep?" I asked.

Charly (members of our Club always call each other by first names) told me he would take care of everything, and led me off to lunch. I sat down at an outdoor restaurant under a beach umbrella, having helped myself to enormous quantities of fresh vegetables, salads, stuffed tomatoes, patés, pizzas, cheeses, and cold meats.

Then came lunch. Primitive indeed! It all began in 1950 with a Majorcan tent village organized by a Belgian name Gérard Blitz. Today the Club is quoted on the Paris Bourse, and its Blitzkrieg has conquered leisure footholds in France, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Israel, Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Morocco, Tunisia, Switzerland, Spain, and Tahiti—with additional conquests planned in Martinique, Mexico, Puerto Rico, the Bahamas.

Two-thirds of the Club members are French, and—in typical French fashion—the emphasis is not on accommodations but on food and other pleasures of the flesh. Inside the thatched huts are two or three iron beds, with mattresses and pillows, and some wooden shelves.

Nothing more. As the Club's official publication puts it: "Europeans usually bring along sleeping bags, but sheets and blankets are provided for American members."

Like the other Club members, I was a G.M.—short for *gentil membre* (a title which in America is sometimes misspelled as *gentile membre*). Tradition has it that founder Blitz quelled an incipient riot at his first village by calling the militants *gentils membres* (nice members). The Club staff are G.O.'s, or *gentils organisateurs*. It was hard to tell G.O.'s from G.M.'s, since everyone undressed to please himself—which meant bathing trunks, bikinis, slacks, or even Mother Hubbards. Many wore the *pareo*—a cross between a toga and a sarong—which is the century's most versatile garment, serving as towel, bed sheet, hut decoration, beach robe, and wraparound (worn modestly high or daringly low) to conceal the less *gentils* members.

After lunch the Chief relieved me of my money and gave me a collection of beads. To stress the primitive life and keep filthy commerce from their huts, Club members make all purchases with plastic beads (a chocolate-colored bead is worth eight cents, a coffee-colored bead four, and an ivory-colored bead two). The beads lock into each other to form necklaces. Tips are outlawed, and about the only use for beads is to pay for drinks at the bar or excursions round the island.

Charly then showed me a hut and a bungalow and let me choose. The hut had a breeze (and sand) blowing through it, and the bungalow was divided into four tiny rooms—each of which seemed airtight. I picked a bungalow room, and Charly told me lots of people picked bungalows and moved into a hut the second day—to escape the heat. On its 35 acres the village has 450 huts and only a dozen bungalows, and the latter are being phased out. Each room and hut had a name near the

door. I spotted a *Vierge* (Virgin) next to *Vagabond*, and a *Versailles* alongside *Terrible*. *Caravelle*, alas, was near *Catastrophe*, with only a *Cloche* (Bell) between them. *Ritz* and *Zeus* stood aloof from the rest. My own room was *Athos*, and I looked that up. (It's part of a Greek peninsula.) I spotted a *Moro*, and looked that up as well. (It turned out to be Italy's Premier.)

Reading all the way, I walked down to the stone beach, where a phonograph was blaring popular music through two loudspeakers. Two G.M.'s were draped in *pareos* on the rocks, while others were just going to sail the Tyrrhenian Sea. I sat down next to a G.O. Irishman named Patrick Drewery. "This is the village of *farnientes*" (do-nothings), he told me. "At the height of the season we get 200 out of 1,200 who like sailing. The others mess around. Each village has a different personality, which changes from season to season. Some are sailing villages, some are water-skiing centers, some specialize in scuba diving. And then there are villages which specialize in *farniente*."

"You get more girls in Cefalù than men, because girls like doing nothing more than men do. They can rely 100% on getting a tan and 110% on getting sunburned. It would astonish me if any girl came looking for a husband, but they do come looking for amorous adventure—which is a basic ingredient of any holiday. The hut is a living center reduced to the minimum: it's for sleeping and making love in. What more do you need than a bed?"

By qualification Drewery is a language teacher (French, Spanish, English), but he prefers to run the Club's sailing activities. "Every three weeks," he said, "my mother sends me a Sunday paper from London. It arrives late—too late for me to get excited about any of the news. But Cefalù excites me. On a clear day the background is straight out of the Mona Lisa. And when the wind is good you can have complications in the sailing: there's no beach to come in on, so you have to come between the rocks. This is my third year with the Club. My teaching qualification is only insurance against gray hairs."

He likes to generalize about the G.M.'s: "The Belgians always drink large quantities of beer. The Germans mix well. The English form little groups and don't make much noise. The Americans study a holiday well before they come. Perhaps the Polynesian idea appeals to them. They are invariably charming—always delightful. I can't explain that."

Those who want to be left alone are. But the *Gentils Organismateurs* actually do organize for those who want to be taken in hand: sailing, swimming, skin diving, water-skiing, yoga, pétanque, and volleyball. There was even a Forum on the 21st century, and the village could count on 100 people struggling from their mattresses to look that far ahead.

A yoga class was in full recline when I happened by the ramshackle Palazzo which serves as village headquarters. The French instructor was sitting on crossed legs, stomach, and back—or at least it looked like that—and a dozen G.M.'s were trying to do likewise. "Inspire," said the Frenchman, "and expire through the mouth."

In her off-the-shoulder bathing suit, a blonde was having trouble with the wisdom of the East. Every time she eased a tension she had to adjust her built-in bra.

After yoga came a concert of recorded classical music, and then the cocktail hour. Peter Calder, a young Scottish farmer, plunked down three beads for a vermouth, and apologized: "I'm being ostentatious, but I've only got ten bob around my neck."

An Englishwoman muttered: "These beads don't go very far."

"First they won't go around your neck," said Calder, "then they won't go around your wrist, and finally you have only one left for your navel." Though there were lots of navels bared, none featured beads. This was an affluent bunch of primitives, long in the necklace. The cocktail hour quickly became the dinner hour. A G.O. hostess stood in the center of the restaurant, directing G.M.'s to tables, making sure there was a good language mix at each. I sat down between a French G.O. and a German G.M.—whose common language was a kind of English.

Doing his bilingual best, the Frenchman asked: "Who wants some coffee more?" Then donning the cloak of Lothario, he turned to the glamorous Englishwoman across from him, who had left her husband at home minding the store. He suggested visiting her hut that night. "Your husband does not mind? He can punching me, no? I think so. I oblige me to speak in English."

The Englishwoman smiled indulgently, and apologized that her husband trusted her.

After eating a piece of birthday cake, courtesy of the chef whose 28th birthday it was, I decided to have a word with him. He was busy treating all members to vermouth punch. "The food is superb," I began. "It's marvelous to taste French cuisine again."

"I'm German," he said.

He told me the story of his culinary life. "When the London Hilton was open three weeks I was in the cold dishes. At the Tour d'Argent in Paris I was in the sauce. In the Ritz I worked the fish. At Fouquet's I sat in the vegetables. On the Nieuw Rotterdam I was first assistant in the sauce, and worked overtime for the meat. I like the cold buffet. Ja?"

And what brought this man for all seasonings to Cefalù? "I like the hungry people," he said.

I nodded, swallowing *choux à la crème glacés* from the chef's second birthday cake. Next to me was a smiling gentleman who introduced himself—Charles Thacher, retired U.S. Army officer, born under the sign of Leo. He proceeded to tell me *his* story. Charles, it turns out, just may be the most devoted Club member going, that is, staying. In 1967 he spent six months as a G.M. at Agadir and Corfu, and he did even better last year at Agadir and Cefalù—where he helped to close the village in October, having opened it in May. He explained: "I spent the winter and summer at the Club, and use the spring and fall for getting into more active pursuits like watching the market. During my months at the Club I try to sit on my six months position for capital gains."

Sitting it out is simple at Cefalù than "When I was in Agadir," said Thacher, (Continued on page 111)

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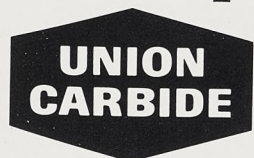
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On the industrial side, it acquired manufacturers of P & B electrical relays, Paragon automatic timers and controls; huge pressurized Beaird tanks, Thermatool electrical high frequency welding equipment, Cuno fluid filtration and Maxim water desalination products and systems, as well as Tuboscope coating and field inspection of pipelines.

AMF has taken advantage of the computer with several new automation developments. Chief among these is a robot called Versatran performing gruelling and monotonous tasks previously done by man. Voit basketballs are being wound by a computer-programmed technique, the AMF principle of which has been applied to tire re-treading and fiber glass ski manufacture.

The Company is busily engaged in seeking new ways to recondition water through new methods of electrodialysis, reverse osmosis and even the use of offshore underwater air curtains.

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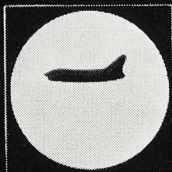
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GETTING WITH IT

by Matthew Huttner

Chairman of The OPC Foundation

Good things we have done . . .

This past year, the OPCF really came of age. It constructed the Edward R. Murrow Library and Ruth Houghton Axe Press Room on the fourth floor of Memorial Press Center; underwrote the entire cost of the Edward R. Murrow World Forums featuring statesmen and famous authorities; financed Forums for homecoming foreign correspondents in the OPC; sustained its fourth annual Fellowship for study abroad by a nationally selected university journalism graduate; and began to develop an exciting new freedom of information project—the International Truth Task Force.

The first six years of OPCF are redolent with philanthropy and personal devotion. It is good to recall

the original concept by Dickson Hartwell and John Wilhelm; the first constitution and charter by Kathleen McLaughlin and Frank Wachsmith; the prestigious early leadership of Lowell Thomas and Norman Cousins; the successful fundraising regime of Ben Wright. And now the Library and Press Room. And let us not forget the fundsmanship of Jim Crayhon, the ceremony in the White House with President Johnson, and the generosity of Wally Findlay and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Whitney, and all of the Axe-Houghton and Murrow donors who helped the cause, and we have thanks for Burnet Hershey and John Luter for their program concepts, David Shefrin for the journal-

ism Fellowship, and the two Wills—Yolen and Oursler—who fathered the captivating International Truth Task Force idea.

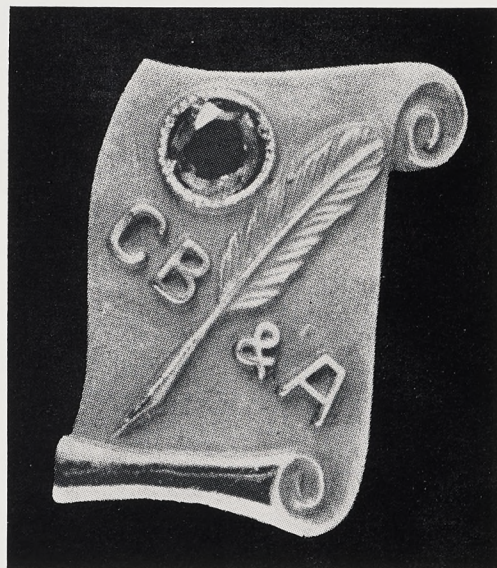
What all of these people started must somehow be sustained and enriched. So much more is possible if the OPC is fully involved. Why not a sustaining membership of \$10 a year for every OPC member? It's precious, painless and tax deductible. With this base, the Foundation will be able to sustain its present operation and projects, most of which are lavished on the Club and its membership. OPCF pays the Club a monthly rental of \$600 for the space occupied by the Library and News Room. OPCF maintains both of these for the membership. OPCF has already allocated \$10,000 for the Edward R. Murrow Forums and the Homecoming Forums. All of these enhance the Club program and prestige. The achievements and needs of OPCF are a challenge to our new administration and should be dealt with on a priority level so that this extra dimension can fulfill the lofty ideals and goals which inspired its first six years. ■

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PRESIDENTS PAGE

(Continued from page 13) of perpetual loss in a non-profit professional society.

But we decline to believe it. There is heart to be taken from the first generous response of a distressed membership to a distressing special tax. There are economies begun, and economies planned, and new income-making devices, and controls, controls, controls being installed which,

in its previous collective innocence, the Club dreamed not of. Most of all, there is reason to hope that the industry and the community will extend hands that help.

This is sure—that much effort from many quarters can be justifiably solicited to save, steady and strengthen the OPC. It is a society which has served the profession and the nation well. It can point to, among other things, its consistently

effective defense of the freedom of our foreign correspondents, its prized incentives to better and better reporting, its contributions to public awareness of crucial world issues. These are operations which multiply deficits, because they are all outgo and no income. We are therefore entitled to expect that, by our own bootstraps plus other aids, all together, we shall overcome.

—HAL LEHRMAN

THE PROPAGANDA OF THE AMERICAN PRESS

(Continued from page 55) isn't even really worth saying. Out there in an open lifeboat in the North Atlantic, your average Guelph probably doesn't get fussed too much by your average Ghibelline, either. It's when the wind dies down, the sea grows calm, and everybody comes ashore that all hell breaks loose. Negroes and whites make it in combat because of what combat is, and this says more about the inability of most people to hold more than one strong idea in their heads at a given time than it does about anyone's great sense of humanity, brotherhood, or whatever. In Germany, for example, where there are a number of American troops but no combat, the racial situation in the Army settles back into something approximating what it is back home; the Army in Germany is technically desegregated, and the Negro has his fair shake there too, but blacks and whites keep mostly to themselves—tend to frequent different bars off base, and so forth—and at times express the predictable hostilities. The thing is, I guess that the Army doesn't teach you much about anything except the Army, or maybe another army. The Army is a very bare room with men in it, only men, and a few objects, and although it's true that now and then men will rush at one another's throats because of theories generated entirely inside their minds, it seems more generally true that people are intrinsically passive about life, and if you take away for a moment the mother weeping, the bishop preaching, the neighbor arguing, the editor editorializing—if you take away most of the hundreds of tiny things that push or pull men one way or the other—you tend to end up with someone who is pretty well content to go along, and get through the day, and share his canteen. Man in the Army isn't man in life, and when you bring back the forces of life—the bishop, the wife, the welfare clerk, the Black Power leader—whatever susceptibilities were there before are usually still there, and the ball game goes on.

Toward the end of the program there was a brief sequence showing the men in Sergeant Larry's platoon under fire, and a small scene of a memorial service for the dead—which might have been more moving if the program, to begin with, had been about men instead of dialectics—and then McGee's voice came on again:

McGEE: Some may feel that our society, through war in Vietnam, is making a terrible demand on the Negro in exchange for accepting him as a man, a human being. But Sergeant Larry feels a debt to the Army.

SERGEANT LARRY: I feel that I have too much of military experience to get out. I think I'd be wasting it. I think I would hurt the Army. I think they can use my experience. The younger people that are going to come are going to need somebody to help them.

McGEE: Our history books have taken little notice of the Negro soldier. How do the troops of this war, black and white, want its history written?

CAPTAIN MAVROUDIS: You can't divide them as a group. It's the man, not the color, and as far as I'm concerned the credit for anything that happens in this war, no matter what the outcome, belongs to both the white and Negro.

McGEE: Wilkinson, the young Negro officer, told how he would want a child of his to question him about the war.

LIEUTENANT WILKINSON: I would want my child to ask me the role of the American soldier in Vietnam. But as to breaking it down, to, say, "Well, we have a total of good deeds by colored soldiers this high, and we have a stack of good deeds by white soldiers this high"—I mean no, I won't have it come out that way. . . .

It went on a bit longer like that, and then the program stopped, and it all seemed so strange—I couldn't figure out why. And then later I realized that not only had the documentary-makers all the time been casually employing the best of modern propaganda techniques upon their subjects, but the subjects had been just as casually and blandly employing different propaganda techniques upon themselves. There had been actual people speaking actual words in an actual place—and none of it had been real. Except maybe that since propaganda has become such a large part of our lives, the propaganda itself is now reality. And there you have it. ■

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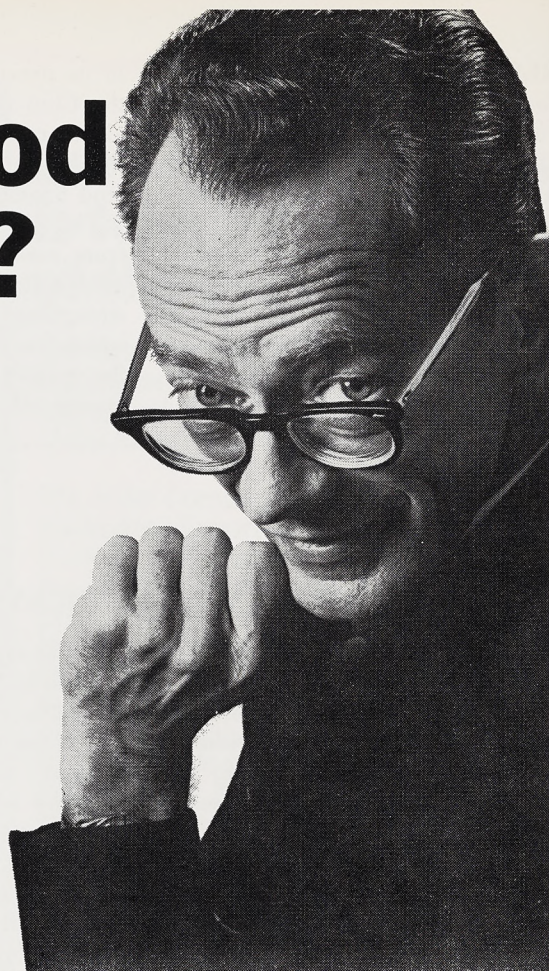
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BIG BROTHER WILL NOT BE WATCHING ME

(Continued from page 61)

To cite one favorite target of our critics, the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, our survey showed very little violence on camera. I screened tapes of all of our Chicago convention coverage to satisfy myself that we at ABC had done a good, creditable job of journalism. I found that by actual minute-and-second count, only 1.1 percent of our total coverage of the Democratic Convention was devoted to film or tape of disorders involving the police and dissenters.

We are accused of reporting mostly negative news. Well, a war isn't a happy event, a race riot is not a joyous occasion, starvation, poverty, hate, conflict are not the stuff of celebration. But they are facts of life, and we must report them.

Sometimes, it seems to me, our would-be "supervisors"

suffer from bad cases of selective perception. They see in our newscasts what they want to see, and tune out what contradicts their already formed assumptions. Thus, they will seize upon that nine percent and say we stress violence in our nightly news program. Meanwhile they ignore the positive stories and call for somebody somewhere to somehow oversee what we television newsmen are doing before we destroy the country with our sick fascination for violence.

The Sixties may be ending, but I'm not all that sure that television newsmen have anything to be thankful for in the prospect of the Seventies. After all, in the Sixties—whatever else was wrong with them—we managed to escape the heavy heel of censorship. Heaven help us all, broadcasters, the printed press and citizens alike, if that little bit of "supervision" is around the corner looking for a job in the Seventies. ■

PARADISE NOW

(Continued from page 99) "Merrill Lynch would send in prices to some people." Corfu and Agadir have telexes, and—throwing capital gains to the winds—Thacher succumbed to tips, and bought and sold stocks by telex.

He had been sitting there next to me reading *The Rothschilds* by Frederic Morton, a loyal thing for the compleat G.M. to be doing since, said Thacher, "The Rothschilds own 49% of the Club Mediterranee stock."

As far as he could make out, that was a marvelous investment. "This is the healthy life I'm living here," said Thacher. "In Miami Beach you have to start paying the moment you get to your room, but there are no tips here, the food is marvelous, and you can drink all you like."

For the first time in his life he was trying yoga. "When you do the headstand," he said, "life flows in reverse from old age to youth. I've taken up pétanque here at 60, and I've decided not to take up shuffleboard till I'm 90. The Army doesn't like its retired officers to goof off, but I'm doing it anyway."

I met lots of other relaxed people down at the washstands, which are patronized simultaneously by both sexes. (Some of the showers come equipped with doors for privacy, but nothing comes with hot water.) Barbara Feeney, whose husband is a doctor in Boston, found it hard to adjust to public plumbing. Said she: "The co-educational washing is a shock—to look in the mirror and see a hairy ape there."

I saw what she meant the next morning, when I looked up to shave and found a strange girl in a pareo staring at me from my mirror. I mumbled an apology and moved three mirrors down. There I was next to a girl in a bikini, who had one foot in the washbasin, scrubbing away. I splashed water on my toes and left.

Not everyone is as sensitive as I am. Hugo Brosy, from Zurich, was there with his new Dutch wife, and loving every second. "If you're married," he explained, "you have a wife to dust the hut."

"Is that what you want me for?" pouted Wilhelmina, and it was all Hugo could do to charm her back into service.

I had great difficulty finding other malcontents; the only complaints were those of surfeit. Said G.O. hostess Mia Bellandi: "The trouble is that we eat too much. It's alright for a week or two, but in five months I put on ten pounds."

Some G.M.'s were upset because there was too much to do, such as fishing from the pier at night (with bright lights attracting the fish), and then roasting the catch on the spot. Other G.M.'s are happy to dance the nights away; after the band packs up at midnight the energetic members go down to the shore and dance to records—or take night dips. The village has a huge, new swimming pool, and has just completed an outdoor dance pavilion complete with three bars.

The man who takes all delight most philosophically is G.O. Jean-Claude Jabes, a believer in yoga and mysticism. Born in Mexico of Spanish father and Russian mother, he went to school in Switzerland, is now Italian by nationality, and Club member by persuasion. Called Tarzan because of his rugged physique and athletic prowess, he follows a swim with 30 pushups and 50 kneebends. At lunch, fellow-G.O.'s call out: "Tarzan, get me some bananas," but the girls watch those rippling muscles and wonder how to get Tarzan. He takes them all in stride: "The girls here see the boys as heroes. For example they see me bronzed and muscular, with a necklace of beads, and a sarong. So they fall in love with a hero. But I know if a woman here tells me 'I love you,' it's the sun and heat, or the moon at night. In a city of fog and cold I might take such a declaration seriously."

Jean-Claude spends half an hour daily in meditation. "I throw off my negative thoughts," he told me, "and begin living positive thoughts." Currently he is reading a book which he described as "about a guru in Tibet and the electricity of the body."

Seeing that his thoughts were pure, I asked him if life should be devoted to pleasure alone—an eternity of easing in and out of the water at the Club Mediterranee. "Don't you ever feel you should go out and get a normal 9:00 to 5:00 job in the city?"

"Those," he replied, "are my negative thoughts." ■



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THE WORKS OF ANOTHER / PUTTING A FINGER INSTANTLY ON THE LOCATION OF A SHIP AT SEA / ANALYZING
THE WASTES IN A POLLUTED RIVER / GUIDING A SPACECRAFT / WORKING THE BUGS OUT OF A NEW PRODUCT

Information Problems?

Here are just a few that IBM is already helping to solve.

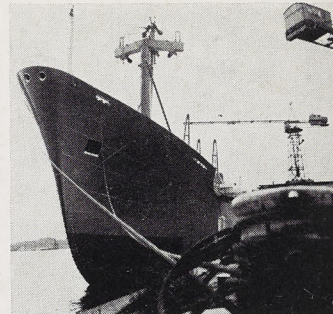
FINDING A REFERENCE FROM A MEDICAL LIBRARY / KEEPING TRACK OF WHICH SEATS ARE FILLED, WHICH
ONES ARE AVAILABLE ON AN AIRLINE / LOCATING A DONOR OF A RARE BLOOD TYPE / ANALYZING MOLECULAR
STRUCTURES AND ENGLISH SYNTAX / GETTING THE MOST SHEETS OUT OF A ROLL OF PAPER WITH THE LEAST
TRIM LEFT OVER / SIMULATING THE FLOW OF PEOPLE THROUGH A SUPERMARKET CHECK-OUT COUNTER, OR THE
TURBULENCE OF WATER CRASHING OVER THE WALL OF A DAM / FORECASTING WEATHER BASED ON WORLDWIDE
WEATHER REPORTS / EXPEDITING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A BRIDGE / DETERMINING THE CENTER OF GRAVITY IN
A TANK OF SLOSHING FUEL / PIECING TOGETHER THE CLUES TO A CRIME / KEEPING A RUNNING TAB ON LABOR
COSTS OF A SHIP IN CONSTRUCTION OR A FILM IN PRODUCTION / PLOTTING THE MOST EFFICIENT ROUTE FOR A
MILKMAN, A SALESMAN, OR A PIPELINE / MAINTAINING AN INVENTORY OF THE RIGHT GOODS IN THE RIGHT PLACE
AT THE RIGHT TIME / ANALYZING THE STRESSES IN A BRIDGE / ANALYZING THE VOCABULARY OF 18TH CENTURY
FRENCH POLITICAL WRITERS / BREAKING UP A HERD OF CATTLE INTO THE BEST POSSIBLE BREEDERS AND THE
BEST POSSIBLE FEEDERS / MATCHING UP HOUSE HUNTERS WITH THE RIGHT HOUSES / WEIGHING THE MERITS
OF A PROPOSED PLANT SITE / DIAGNOSING A HEART AILMENT / KEEPING TRACK OF NATIONAL BRIDGE-CLUB
STANDINGS / TESTING A DESIGN IN THE IDEA STAGE / COSTING OUT A CHEMICAL PROCESS / PREDICTING
THE BEST APPLE-PICKING TIME / DECIPHERING ANCIENT LANGUAGES / IDENTIFYING A FASHION TREND IN TIME
TO CAPITALIZE ON IT / SIMULATING THE FLOW OF BLOOD THROUGH A PULSING ARTERY / SCHEDULING TRUCK
OVERHAULS / SCHEDULING SCHOOL CLASSROOM ASSIGNMENTS / CYCLING TRAFFIC SIGNALS ACCORDING
TO THE VARYING NEEDS OF TRAFFIC / CHECKING LICENSE NUMBERS OF STOLEN CARS / QUICKLY LOCATING
A SHIPMENT ANYWHERE IN AN ENTIRE RAILROAD SYSTEM / MONITORING THE ATMOSPHERE
IN AN UNDERWATER LABORATORY / STUDYING FLIGHT PATH OF THE WHOOPING CRANE

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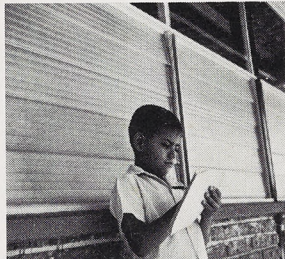
AUSTRALIA—Tough, molded, plastic, truck grilles and cabs.



NETHERLANDS—Santotherm® functional fluid for tankers.



FRANCE—Lustrex® polystyrene in housewares.



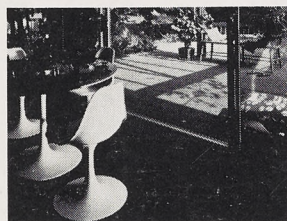
MEXICO—Translucent plastic panels and louvers.



SCOTLAND—Montopore® foamed polystyrene for fish packaging.



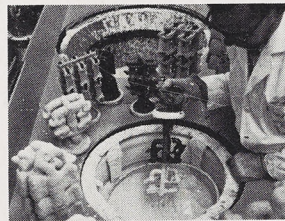
LUXEMBOURG—Blue "C"® nylon fibers for clothing, carpeting.



U.S.A.—Indoor and outdoor carpeting of Acrilan® acrylic fiber.



THAILAND—Powdered aspirin.



ENGLAND—Resin binders for ceramic shell casting.



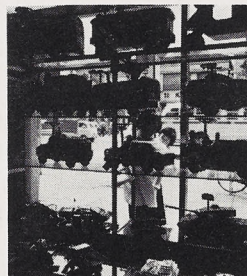
HONG KONG—High-protein soft drink.



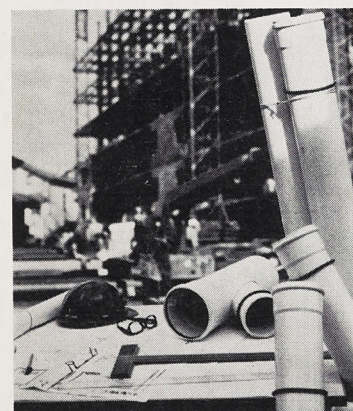
JAPAN—Vinyl plastics for rainwear.



NETHERLANDS—Skydrol® fire-resistant hydraulic fluid for aircraft.



JAPAN—Plastic toys and recreational equipment.



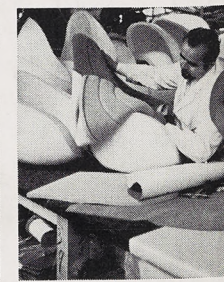
SPAIN—Lightweight, low-cost, plastic pipe.



VENEZUELA—Rogue® herbicide for grass and weed control in rice crops.



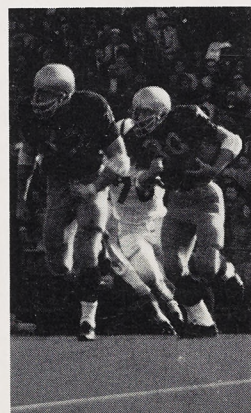
BELGIUM—Avadex® herbicide for wild-oat control in sugar beet fields.



UNITED KINGDOM—Foamed plastic seats for modern chairs.



SWEDEN—Saflex® polyvinyl butyral interlayer for laminated safety glass windshields.



U.S.A.—AstroTurf® recreational surface for sports.



CANADA—Acrilan® acrylic fiber for warm coats.

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